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## NOTES.

THE rumour, which appears in the "Daily Chronicle" of Friday, that Her Majesty's Government have bought Delagoa Bay from the Portuguese Government for a sum of five millions sterling seems almost too good to be true. If it should prove correct, Mr. Chamberlain will have fairly gained for himself the thanks due to a statesman who has extricated his country from a very awkward situation. With Delagoa Bay in our hands, Downing Street can treat with Pretoria from a point of vantage which will ensure a satisfactory solution of the Uitlander difficulty. Of course we have had the right of pre-emption ever since the time of the MacMahon award; but the exercise of this right would be, especially at the present moment, not only a diplomatic triumph, but a move for the preservation of our Empire in South Africa the importance of which it would be hard to overestimate.

The news from South Africa is certainly not encouraging. So many reckless and misleading telegrams from the Transvaal have been already published by the "Times" that too much reliance must not be placed on news whose source is not authenticated. If it were really true that the Dutch race in the Transvaal, in the Orange Free State, and in the Cape Colony was banding itself together to oppose the British influence, it would mean the despatch of an army corps to South Africa. But we fancy that the ambition of these hot-headed patriots will be decidedly damped when they ascertain, as they will, that no European Power is coming to their assistance. Lord Salisbury has managed to make German intervention in the Transvaal, if it was ever seriously meditated, an impossibility. President Kruger is, we believe, clever enough to see all this, and, though the difficulties of his position have been increased by Mr. Chamberlain's impetuosity in trying to rush reform on the Rand, we have not much doubt that he will come to London in the month of May. The rising in Matabeleland only shows, if proof were wanted, how much better it would have been if Dr. Jameson and his troopers had minded their business of governing Charterland instead of riding about the veldt as the saviours of society.

There seems to be a fatality attending the action of France in Egypt. The withdrawal of the French and Russian Commissioners from the Caisse, after voting against the proposed expenditure on the Nile expedition, is a blunder on the part of France almost equal to that of refusing to join in "the military operations" before Alexandria. As the Commission of Liquidation was instituted for the express purpose of superseding the jurisdiction of the Mixed Tribunals, where individual creditors were bringing actions against the Egyptian

Government, it is difficult to see how the action of the Parisian Syndicate in appealing from the Commissioners to the Courts can result in anything but failure. In the meantime, the authority of the French Government is weakened by the result of the Income-tax debate, in which the amendment in favour of the Bill was only carried by the small majority of sixteen. As Russia has no pecuniary or political interests in Egypt, it is beginning to be appreciated in Paris that the Tsar's intervention is likely to be of a purely platonic character.

The French Government seem to have walked into the spider's parlour with adorable innocence. Lord Salisbury, no doubt, expected that France would refuse to sanction the payment out of the Caisse. Nothing has so strongly impressed the Sultan and Europe with a sense of the power of Great Britain than the calm way in which the expedition has been despatched without waiting for the question of payment to be settled. If the majority carries it, then we shall get the money, and France will be left in a minority of one. If unanimity is required, we shall pay the bill ourselves, and our position at Cairo will be stronger than ever. We think there is military danger in the Soudan expedition; that it will last longer and cost more money than is at present represented; and we think that the necessity of the move has not been demonstrated to the public. Lord Salisbury has played his cards very well.

So Zebehr Pasha has turned up again at the War Office in Cairo. Probably most of our budding legislators who are laying down the law about the Soudan have forgotten that they ever heard of him; but twelve years ago almost to a day his name was in all men's mouths. Gordon had been sent to Khartoum, and Downing Street had entered on the amazing course of vacillation and incompetence that led inevitably to his death and the ruin of the Soudan. Zebehr and Gordon were old foes; Zebehr had organized a rebellion in the Soudan in the old days when Gordon was Governor, and Gordon had smitten him hip and thigh, and had hanged his son Sulieman. But Gordon knew a strong man when he met him. All Egypt could not rule Zebehr, so Zebehr should rule the Soudan when the Egyptian garrisons were withdrawn, and accordingly on the very day he reached Khartoum Gordon wired calling for "the man above all others, Zebehr. He alone has the ability to rule the Soudan. He should be made a K.C.M.G. and given presents." Colonel Stewart added his prayers to Gordon's; Sir Evelyn Baring backed them both up; but Exeter Hall disapproved, and Downing Street said ditto to Exeter Hall. An old slave-trader! an ex-rebel! a man with many wives! the idea was shocking; and so Earl Granville wired back that "the public opinion of this country would not tolerate the appointment."

The rest of the story is an epitome of the Khartoum tragedy. Gordon implored, argued, even condescended

q wheedle the men who were playing with his life; but it was of no avail. All through March 1884 he and Stewart and Baring kept up their entreaties, but the Nonconformist conscience had its back to the wall, and would not budge. At last, in despair, Gordon wired direct to Zebuhr, appointing him Deputy-Governor, and asking him to come at once. On this Cairo telegraphed to Downing Street: "He will be watched and his departure will be prevented." Even after Gordon's death Downing Street was not content. Zebuhr's property being all in the Soudan, he was arrested for debt. He was then accused of corresponding with the Mahdi, and was shipped off to Gibraltar, as a prisoner, for a couple of years. Perhaps he did turn traitor: he has gone through enough to make him one: but Englishmen in Cairo should not forget when the broken white-bearded figure is pointed out that he is the man who could have saved Gordon and saved the Soudan, if only Mr. Gladstone and Exeter Hall had allowed him.

Mr. Albert Grey always had a weakness for curious economic experiments; and now that he has become Earl Grey, he has an opportunity of putting some of them into practice. He has commenced with one which is calculated to revive that feeling of joint responsibility which some of us feared was almost extinct in these days of cut-throat competition. A batch of North-country miners are being taken out by him to South Africa, each receiving an advance of £50 for outfit and expenses. The men bind themselves, jointly and severally, to repay the advances by certain instalments; each man is responsible, up to double the amount received, not only for his own share but for that of the defaulters, if there are any. The men come from the same district, and they all know each other, and we presume that there was a right of veto, so that no doubtful character should join the band. We doubt whether the system could safely be tried on a large scale; but it has a certain fascination as an experiment. There is a suggestive proviso to the effect that "any member failing in his instalments shall be at once reported to the other members." The others, we presume, will then call on the defaulter, and "have it out" with him. That is where the moral pressure will come in. Could not Mr. Gerald Balfour devise some such plan in connexion with his new Irish land-purchase scheme? It would be a charming adaptation of an old custom to see the Moonlighters "looking a man up," not because he had paid his rent, but because he had fallen behind in his instalments.

Nothing proves Mr. Chamberlain's political genius more clearly than his selection of the post of Colonial Secretary. It was thought when the Government was formed that he would take the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, which has hitherto been regarded as the post of next greatest importance to that of the First Lord of the Treasury. When it was announced that Mr. Chamberlain had elected to become Secretary of State for the Colonies two explanations were given. Taper said that Mr. Chamberlain had taken this post because he loved his ease, and there was less work to do there than anywhere else. Such was Taper's prestige that this theory was widely accepted, though events have not exactly confirmed it. Tadpole, on the other hand, said that Mr. Chamberlain had taken the Colonial Office because he was less likely to be confronted in that department with his old Radical utterances than in any other office, and this theory, if subtle, had something to support it. The truth, of course, was that Mr. Chamberlain saw that the Colonies were the key of the whole situation, and that the question of Imperial Federation was rapidly forging ahead as the most important of the day. As a proof of this, votes of thanks to Mr. Chamberlain are proposed almost simultaneously at the Albion Tavern and at the Coolgardie Goldfields, while Dr. Montague assures us that Canada rings with his name.

Mr. Chamberlain has now made a definite and business-like offer to the Colonies on the subject of Imperial Federation. Mr. Chamberlain says, very truly, that this question must be approached from its

commercial rather than its political side. It is no use discussing the representation of the Colonies in some Imperial Congress or Parliament of the future. The political fabric of the German Empire was reared, as Mr. Chamberlain reminds us, upon a Zollverein, or commercial union. Let us begin in the same way with our Colonies. Now, on this point Mr. James Lowther did good service at York the other day, when he pointed out, in advocating Protection, that at present our Colonies have no idea of establishing Free-trade between themselves and us when they talk of preferential duties. They are all Protectionists, and when they talk of preference for the mother-country, they mean that we are to impose a duty on foreign goods while admitting theirs free, while they in return are to levy a lighter duty on our goods than on foreign goods. As Mr. Chamberlain very clearly demonstrated at the Canada banquet, this proposal is not "good enough" for us, and is, indeed, almost as one-sided as our present system of free imports. But, said the Colonial Secretary, if the Colonies will consider the policy of absolute Free-trade within the limits of the British Empire, we on our side will consider the policy of imposing moderate duties on foreign goods. That is to say, our consideration must be the cessation of the present policy of our own Colonies levying duties on British goods. Duties levied for strictly revenue purposes, such as those on tobacco and spirits, would, of course, have to be excepted from any such arrangement. But we think that Mr. Chamberlain's offer is a fair and sensible one. At any rate, it is a step towards open discussion of these tariff questions, which is far better than the fiscal obscurantism we have so often had to deplore in Lord Salisbury's speeches.

The Government had a very bad night of it during the discussion of the Diseased Animals Bill. Their majority was, it is true, nearly up to its full strength; but some Radicals voted for them, and speeches like those of Mr. Whiteley, the member for Stockport, show more than "a little rift within the lute." It is curious, by-the-by, that Mr. Whiteley should be so heated a Free-trader, as the late Mr. Jennings carried Stockport in 1885 on the Protectionist ticket. But Mr. Whiteley declared that the Bill to make permanent and compulsory the present discretionary power of the Minister of Agriculture to slaughter cattle at the port of debarkation savoured of protection to the British breeder, and he, for one, had been returned to vote against Home Rule, and not in favour of protecting the agricultural at the expense of the urban interest. The fact is, that as time goes on the Government will find it increasingly difficult to hold the scales between the towns and the country. The proposal to pay half the farmers' rates out of the Imperial Exchequer, which is to be embodied in a Bill after Easter, will certainly provoke a fresh outburst from the borough representatives. Altogether, this huge majority is already showing signs of premature weakness.

The London "Progressives" are unteachable. They insisted on trying to force their Water Bills down the throat of the House of Commons, in spite of the fact that the Government have introduced a Bill dealing with the whole question. The result of this brilliant piece of tactics on the part of Professor Stuart was a majority of considerably more than two to one against Bills which in themselves are worthy of fair consideration, and which with a little tact he could have had referred to the same Committee as will be charged with the examination of Lord James's scheme. This is now the third House of Commons which the same narrow-headed, obstinate clique has disgusted. The first was Conservative, the second was Liberal, and the third Conservative again; but they each discovered before the second Session was through that your London Progressive is a fanatic who can see only one side of any question, and who does not understand the value of a compromise. And all Houses of Commons are alike in their love of a good working compromise. Lord James ought to be grateful to Mr. Stuart, who has immensely improved the prospects of the Government Water Bill, which, to tell the truth, was at one time none too popular with either party.



The anti-everything people have evidently learnt a lesson from the Opium Commission. For years they clamoured for an investigation into the "body and soul destroying vice" which was so wickedly encouraged by the Indian Government for its own fiendish purposes. Then came the Commission and the Report, and as a result that particular fad was so badly smashed that the pieces have not been worth picking up since. So the wily Sir Wilfrid Lawson will have nothing to do with the Commission to inquire into the working of the public-house licensing system. It is much safer and pleasanter for Sir Wilfrid and his friends to go about the country using strong language, and calling for the destruction of every brewery and public-house and the emptying of every wine-cellar, than to have to face the facts that smashed Sir William Harcourt at Derby and heaped up the Government majority. That the average publican is not an outcast and a criminal, and that the workman who takes a glass of beer at the "poor man's club" is not ruined for life, are just the kind of facts which Sir Wilfrid does not wish to ascertain.

There is a universal feeling of surprise, to use no stronger term, amongst the Conservative party at Lord Halsbury's appointment of Mr. S. D. Waddy, Q.C., to one of the vacant County Court judgeships. It is true, of course, that legal offices are not supposed to be distributed upon party grounds, and no doubt where a candidate is possessed of exceptional professional qualifications a Lord Chancellor is justified in disregarding party claims. But there is a general opinion that Mr. Waddy is not an exceptionally strong lawyer, while he is an exceptionally strong Radical. He has distinguished himself in and out of Parliament by the virulence of his attacks on the Conservative party, while it is said that there are dozens of Conservatives who are of equal standing in the profession with Mr. Waddy, and who have been disappointed. It is observable that the Radicals never give office to a Conservative—Lord Herschell would never hear the last of it if he did—and we are bound to remark that a political party cannot be kept together if claims are altogether ignored, as they have been once or twice lately. In this case we can only presume that Lord Halsbury has yielded to importunity out of sheer kindness of heart.

The mantle of prophecy is a peculiarly doubtful garment for Friday's wear, in cases where Saturday is to make all things clear; but we hazard the guess that the Boat-race honours of 1896 are for Cambridge. There is nothing to be said in disparagement of the Oxford crew, whose preparatory work has exhibited about the usual features—good, bad, and indifferent. But the look of the Cambridge men recalls irresistibly the famous crews of 1886-9, and that in itself is like an omen of victory. Whatever the result, judges are pretty well agreed that the East Anglian University has not put such a notable eight on the Thames since the year of Jubilee.

What is beer? and What is purity? are questions which Mr. Cuthbert Quilter's Bill suggests, and, unlike Pontius Pilate, we are willing to stay to hear. There is as yet no law which says that beer must be made of malt and hops, though that apparently is what Mr. Quilter and his friends, in the interest of the British barley and hop growers, are anxious to enact. It is not pretended that the "substitutes"—rice, maize, and sugar—are injurious to the stomach. Indeed German lager beer, which most consumers of the upper and middle classes prefer to English beer, is brewed, so says the Chancellor of the Exchequer, from rice. It is, therefore, plainly misleading to apply the term "adulteration" to the use of such substitutes, unless, indeed, Parliament is going to compel the weaker vessels amongst us to endure headache and indigestion in order that British agriculture may flourish.

The first impression gleaned from Mr. Asquith's references to the troubled foreign situation, in his speech at Swansea, would naturally be that of a busy lawyer who had indifferently glanced over a brief on an unfamiliar subject, and trusted more to the probable

dulness of the jury and his own gift of gab than to the merits of his case. Perhaps, however, this would be doing Mr. Asquith an injustice. There is a sharp division on the Liberal front bench on this whole question, and particularly about the Soudan expedition. Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley are vehemently against it, root and branch, while the group who look to Lord Rosebery for guidance are disposed to temporize, and accept the principle while nagging at details. Between these two the late Home Secretary is in a quandary, and hence adopts the cautious policy of gliding over the difficult ground, making plenty of little lawyer-like points on irrelevant trifles as he goes, but committing himself to nothing.

Despite a long and remarkably explicit statement by Count Caprivi in the Reichstag, not to mention the debate at Westminster on the same subject, the German public have never quite mastered the peculiarities of the Duke of Coburg's position, or settled in their minds just where he left off being an English prince and began being a German sovereign. We fear that this confusion will be only deepened by the impending episode of his visit to Stuttgart, where he is to invest the King of Wurtemberg with the Order of the Garter. It is difficult to see how he can appear in one of the German capitals in any capacity save that of the ruler of a German State; but it is even harder to understand how, as a German ruler, he can simultaneously perform the functions of a British royal deputy.

When are the newspapers, which are constantly being told—after dinner—that they are such a "power in the land," going to take up the question of Contempt of Court? Judge-made libel law is bad enough, but even in a libel trial, if a judge flagrantly misdirects the jury, there is always an appeal. In the case of Contempt of Court there is no jury and no appeal, and the decision—it may be imprisonment, or it may be a thousand pounds fine for the unhappy editor—depends absolutely on the temper or the digestion of the gentleman who happens for the occasion to be witness, advocate, judge, and jury all in one. This week an evening newspaper was haled before a Divisional Court for publishing the Statement of Claim in a pending case. Such an act has, we fancy, never been held to be contempt before. Mr. Justice Day, it is true, declared that it was "a gross and scandalous contempt of Court," but then he always says that. Mr. Justice Wright was more cautious, and "doubted whether it came within the doctrine of contempt." And so the editor got off by paying the costs. In other words, he was fined, at a moderate estimate, forty or fifty pounds arbitrarily and without trial or possibility of appeal. There is not a week that this sort of thing does not happen, and the total sum levied from newspapers every year must amount to many thousands of pounds; but nobody seems to mind.

The last *coup d'état* at Söul seems to have passed off with less than usual bloodshed, but its anti-Japanese character is marked. As soon as he was safely ensconced in the Russian Legation, the King ordered the execution of sundry members of the Cabinet which was installed as a consequence of Viscount Miura's *coup*, last year. The Premier and Minister of Agriculture lost their heads accordingly; two others found refuge in the Japanese Legation; and three others were, fortunately for themselves, on Japanese soil. The overthrow of the pro-Japanese Cabinet having been thus effected, His Majesty proceeded to appoint a new one, which was when the mail left sitting, like himself, under shelter of the Russian flag.

Discontent seems to be seething in Korea. Among other reforms, ranging from the length of pipes to the colour of clothes, the Japanese have inspired an order to cut off queues. Even the King had to conform; but certain country districts have risen in revolt, and there has been fighting in which the organized Japanese troops had of course the best. Elsewhere stray Japanese have been killed, and the Government are sending over warships, though what part these can play against the insurgents is not clear.

## THE NEW HOME-RULE CRISIS.

THE National Liberal Federation always makes a brave show of green shoots and bursting buds in the spring-time, but everybody knows by now that nothing in the way of fruit is to be looked for. This year, indeed, the officials of the party have been led to take special measures in advance in order to sterilize the sessions of the Conference, and we rest easy in the confidence that nothing will have happened to upset their plans.

The really important event of the week, from the point of view of Liberal politics, was Tuesday's meeting of the Radical members. It is true that the gathering broke up without deciding or committing itself to anything, and that the party papers of all shades of Gladstonian sympathies united next day in belittling the gathering as an abortive and meaningless affair. But this shows only that the Liberal press is badly served by those through whose eyes it studies proceedings at Westminster. The meeting settled nothing, it is true, but it revealed such an alarming prospect, immediately confronting the party, that we are warranted in describing the occasion as of exceptional moment.

The discussion crystallized about a resolution moved by Mr. Lloyd George, to the general effect that Home Rule All Round ought to be recognized as the chief item in the party programme. No urgent desire was displayed either by Mr. George or by Mr. Dalziel and his other supporters to force a division upon this question. Their speeches were studiously mild and temperate, and were confessedly designed rather to spread the light than to precipitate a contest. Mr. Robson, Q.C., was the principal spokesman of what may be called the Whig wing, and to put himself in order he proposed an amendment which was in substance a direct negative. But here, too, there was no disposition to push matters, and finally, by common consent, neither amendment nor resolution was adopted; and, so far as the record went, the adjournment left things as they were. In reality, however, no member with any political talent or foresight can have left the place without feeling that the whole position of the party had become suddenly and profoundly altered.

There was an indication of this in Mr. Robson's opening of the official case for inaction. It is important to remember that Mr. Robson is a shrewd and cool-headed lawyer, with a steadfast eye fixed on that part of the Ministerial bench where Her Majesty's law officers are accustomed to sit, and that, both from the character of the man and the nature of his ambitions, we are entitled to look to him for nothing but deliberate and well-pondered utterances. Moreover, he spoke avowedly in the name of all present who were opposed to Mr. Lloyd George's proposal, and, with a single exception, those who followed him in speeches against that resolution endorsed his views, and even emphasized and expanded them. What he said was, substantially, that while he and his colleagues of the moderate section deprecated the passage of this resolution as inopportune and premature, they opposed it only on those grounds, and that in principle they were probably even more convinced and radical believers in Home Rule All Round than were Messrs. George and Dalziel. This declaration in itself was surprising enough, but Mr. Robson went on to dot his i's and cross his t's. He and his friends were in favour of five Parliaments: one each for the national affairs of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and a fifth, an Imperial body, to transact the strictly Imperial business of the federated kingdoms and their colonial empire; and to each of these Parliaments he would give a separate Cabinet and full administrative control within set limits. The project has never been so explicitly defined by a responsible politician before, and, as we have said, others followed only to reaffirm and elaborate his acceptance of the federal idea in its most sweeping form. This unreserved adoption of the extreme Home-Rule-All-Round position, let it be borne in mind, was not proclaimed by the advanced group for whom Messrs. Lloyd George and Dalziel spoke, and who, indeed, did not suggest that they went nearly so far, but by the more staid and moderate section of the party, for whom cautious barristers and canny politicians like Messrs. Robson and Haldane spoke.

It was characteristic of the prevalent spirit of official Liberalism that these exponents of its views should in the same breath announce their entire sympathy with the Federal idea, and their earnest conviction that the party should say nothing about it to the public—at least for the present. This combination of wild, hare-brained political conceptions with a cowardly notion of politic concealment is no longer in its first blush of novelty. We have been growing accustomed to it ever since Lord Rosebery took upon himself the Liberal leadership two years ago. That it is not a mixture which commends itself to the British taste was shown with rough vigour by the electorate last summer. But it is still the chosen policy of the wire-pullers and place-hunters who cling despairingly to Lord Rosebery's battered fortunes. They cannot bring themselves to believe that the people are not really fools. That there was some grievous flaw somewhere in their campaign of public deception at the late General Election they, of course, recognize; but this does not suggest to them any alternative save to arrange for the next occasion a more subtle and alluring programme. This is the essence of Roseberyism, and it is small wonder that sensible Liberals are aghast at the dangers which it threatens.

It is a good thing for the country to have a Government with a strong majority in Parliament behind it, but public interests suffer when the Opposition is too small in numbers to make itself felt in debate, or too debased and unpopular in character to exercise any check, born either of respect or of fear, on Ministerial action. It is a source of weakness to the country at large, and a standing temptation to the present Ministry to rush into ill-considered adventures, that the once powerful Liberal party should have fallen into such a pitiable state of impotency and disrepute as that in which we see it. Tuesday's meeting, so far from raising hopes that there was to be a change for the better, indicated that there were actually lower depths ahead, through which Lord Rosebery's placemen were resolved to drag the organization. Upon the merits and demerits of Home Rule All Round it is needless to enter. We need only take note of the fact that the Liberal managers imagine that they can avow their belief in it at semi-private meetings, but keep it up their sleeve so far as the public are concerned. By this means, they explain in loud stage-whispers, they may dupe their Irish allies on the one hand, and hoodwink the electorate on the other. Of course this is the baldest folly. Now that Mr. Robson has let the cat out of the bag, it is impossible that a general and exhaustive discussion of the whole subject should not begin immediately within the Liberal ranks, and it is equally evident that as Liberal politicians find themselves forced to take sides for or against the project, a new and serious breach will open itself in the party.

## THE SOUDAN ADVENTURE.

A DOCILE majority of 150 is not always an unmixed blessing, as government by Parliamentary methods goes. Apparently the mere fact of possessing such a majority is answerable for the extraordinary Ministerial decision to plunge into the unknown perils of an indefinite campaign of conquest in Equatorial Africa. Certainly another week has passed without bringing to view any other reason which can be seriously considered. It cannot be found that anybody whose expert opinion, on either the political or the professional side, is both disinterested and valuable has advised this sensational step. We believe that we are speaking by the letter when we say that Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir Francis Grenfell are outspoken against the whole idea of the advance up the Nile, and that Lord Wolseley is at least opposed to the policy of employing Egyptian instead of British troops for the purpose. It is known, too, that Lord Cromer protests that he not only did not advise the move, but that he actually never heard of the intention until it was semi-officially announced in London. With the exception of the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener, whose desire to make a name for himself in some enterprise of the kind has been a matter of notoriety for years, we hear of no authority on Egyptian affairs, diplomatic or military, who is known to approve this forward movement.

Nor does a further inspection of the Continental



situation reveal any new clue to the mystery. It is true that the Triple Alliance has been visibly pulled together and set on its legs again by our performance, but our object in going out of our way to secure this result is as far to seek as ever. We would not attach undue importance to the fact that the German newspapers of the sort which is politely described as semi-official continue to parade anti-English sentiments, and even go to the length of growling at Austria for its officiousness in trying to patch up an Anglo-German reconciliation. The character, or want of character, of this portion of the German press is well known. Its fawning servility to the home authorities which hold the whip over it, and its boorish insolence to everybody else, are sometimes interesting but never important. Nor is there anything fresh in the persistence with which this "reptile press" reiterates the assertion that German policy is and must be wholly selfish, and cannot afford to give a moment's thought to any other than German interests. Baron Marschall defined this in the Reichstag the other day, and defended it as well, as a "healthy egotism." We do not quarrel with the definition or with the policy. No sane mind has ever associated the Prussian with any phase of altruistic sentiment. But, although we are restrained by considerations of diffidence, or good manners, or perhaps our innate perfidy, from bawling about our selfishness from the housetops, we, too, have certain lingering impulses to look out for our own interests. And it is upon this head that Englishmen most need information. We want to know what Germany is to do for us in return for this striking alteration in our own policy, by which we have indefinitely increased our own burdens and risks, and simplified every Continental difficulty which worried and harassed the German Foreign Office. We desire an answer to this question; but shall we ever get one? Is there, in truth, any answer to be given? We much fear that it is not in Lord Salisbury's power, or that of any other statesman, to tell what it is that Germany is bound to do for us by way of recompense.

The Germans themselves, it is true, account for their support of our demand upon the Egyptian *caisse* on the double ground that it was an opportune moment for the somewhat shaken Triple Alliance to demonstrate that it was still in working order, without incurring any risks, and that Germany could not refuse to sanction a movement which was in the interest of its ally, Italy. No doubt the action of Berlin was in some degree dictated by the necessities of Rome. But we take it that these necessities were, and are, very largely amiable abstractions. It suited the British Government to pretend, at the outset, that it was going towards Dongola in order to help the Italians in their predicament at Kassala. In England no one was deceived more than a day or two by this tale: it is incredible that anybody in Italy should have been fooled by it for an hour. But the Italians owe something to, and hope in the future to reap rich benefits from, the traditional friendship of the English. Since the English Ministry chose to say that the Soudan advance would affect Kassala, it was not for the Italians to expose the fallacy. Upon reflection, they even simulated an air of gratitude, though in reality the Rudini Ministry must be wishing that we were at the bottom of the sea. Their own desire is to get out of Kassala, and the whole related Abyssinian business, as quietly and quickly as possible; but this our sudden and ostentatious demonstration of activity in pretending to come to their succour has rendered it almost impossible for them to do with a decent regard for appearances. The effect of our advance into the Soudan is to recommit the Italians to an African policy of some sort, and while they are not free to say what they think about this, there is no doubt that at least they bitterly deplore it.

To repeat, there is discoverable no sufficient reason, either in the interests of Egypt or the exigencies of our international relations, for this Soudanese adventure. It is not apparent that we have gained any definite advantage from Germany, and it is an open question whether we have not done the Italians more harm than good. On the other hand, we have once more lapsed into strained relations with France, and are face to face

with a Franco-Russian protest against our behaviour, put into the mouth of the Sultan, whom only a few months ago Lord Salisbury was scolding and warning, as if he were another Prempeh in Coomassie. The expedition itself is not liked by our military advisers, and, independent of all diplomatic troubles, must involve grave losses of men and money, while the conceivable benefits to be gained are all in the air. What is the meaning of it all, then? We are forced back upon the conclusion that it means simply that there is a majority of 150 in the House, and that restless spirits in the Cabinet have found it too much for their patience to proceed at a prosaic and methodical jog-trot, tormented as they were by the itch to utilize this great opportunity for glorified disturbance.

#### THE BURDEN OF LORD ROSEBERY.

A PROPHET of the good old Hebrew breed has suddenly issued from Dulwich and denounced the King of Judah. "For the leaders of this people cause them to err; and they that are led of them are destroyed." We confess that we have considerable sympathy with Mr. Hume of Dulwich, and we think he writes Lord Rosebery's character "with a pen of iron and with the point of a diamond." Certainly no one could accuse the owner of Ladas of possessing that "holy enthusiasm in the cause of man which can alone invest any one with the power of a true leader in our crusade against the privileged classes." Mr. Hume is clearly in the right; for Lord Rosebery is one of the most comfortable members of the only class which still retains any privileges in our democratic system. What wonder is it, therefore, if his sympathy with reform and progress is, as Mr. Hume avers, cold, intellectual, abstract, and theoretic? We are not in the least surprised to learn from one of his own household that Lord Rosebery's "pretty flippancies" and "sparkling word-tricks" are but as tinkling cymbals and as sounding brass, nay, as "insults," in the ears of the horny-handed sons of toil, and their wives and children, who are suffering whilst "he plays at poking smart phrases at his stage foes." But we are surprised that after all this vigorous denunciation the Dulwich Isaiah should speak of Lord Rosebery as "a dear good fellow." Doubtless the temptation of alluding thus familiarly to a lord was irresistible. The present condition of the Radical party is picturesquely described as that of "a gloomy tropical ocean, when a cyclone impends," and it is over this surface that Lord Rosebery's phosphorescent genius plays, to the disgust of earnest Radicals like Mr. Hume. That the state of the Radical party is "gloomy," we can well believe; and we should have thought that not only its surface but its depths were at this moment decidedly "tropical." But when is the impending cyclone going to burst? The National Liberal Federation has met at Huddersfield, but the house of Lord Rosebery is not yet laid in ruins.

It does not, of course, require Mr. Hume's rhetoric to explain to us that Lord Rosebery is profoundly distasteful to that section of the Radical party which swallowed the Report of the Parnell Commission and strained at the O'Shea divorce suit. The Radical party is always divided into two classes of politicians—the insincere and the impracticable. The former regard politics as a game; the latter as a religious war between "my doxy and your doxy." The insincere Radicals back Lord Rosebery because they think that his jingoism and his racing get them more votes than they lose by his deficiency in holy enthusiasm. The impracticable Radicals sigh vainly for the return of Mr. Gladstone, whose long reign of holy enthusiasm has completely spoil the Nonconformist conscience for any other type of leader. To those who have fed for a quarter of a century on the strong meat of holy enthusiasm, the milk of "elegant chaff and graceful persiflage" must seem very poor diet.

But what are these impracticable Radicals to do? They will not get another Mr. Gladstone: such a man appears about once in a century. Besides, the spirit of the age is not favourable to the production of holy enthusiasts. Let them look around: whom have they got? Sir William Harcourt is plainly a "suspect." By birth and feelings he is as much an aristocrat as

Lord Rosebery; more so, for has he not himself informed us that he is a Plantagenet, and the scion of a Royal House? Further, he is openly accused by those who know him of possessing a vein of wit superior to that of Lord Rosebery. Indeed, any reader of the debates can himself vouch for the fact that Sir William uses a persiflage more graceful and a chaff more elegant than that of his "will-o'-the-wisp leader." The question which Mr. Hume asks of Lord Rosebery's oratory is even more applicable to Sir William Harcourt's—"In what heart has it awakened one single spark of the holy enthusiasm for good?" Much as we admire Sir William Harcourt, candour compels us to admit that, in the matter of sparks of holy enthusiasm, he is not an incendiary.

Who remain behind? There are Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Asquith. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman may, we think, be speedily eliminated. His double-barrelled, twenty-five lettered name is an outrage on the reporter and the leader-writer, and is the brand of mediocrity. Though a Scotchman he is not earnest; he has the cynicism, without the wit, of his leaders. Sir Henry Fowler is a much more likely man, and we have always wondered why the Nonconformist conscience has overlooked him, for he is bone of its bone. No one can accuse him of being an aristocrat, though we believe he is guilty of the crime of being "a *persona grata* at Court, and, therefore, necessarily in these days not trusted by the people." He is certainly one of the most powerful speakers in the House of Commons, and he showed in the debate on the Indian Cotton Duties that he is a broad-minded statesman. He is a sincerely religious man of the Methodist persuasion, and we can imagine that he might become no mean adept in the business of awakening sparks in the hearts of Mr. Hume and his fellows. But, with all these moral and mental gifts, there is reason to believe that Sir Henry Fowler is lacking in the indispensable quality of physique, and that his health would never be equal to the strain of leadership. As for Mr. Morley and Mr. Asquith, we have often discussed their merits and demerits in these columns. Both are earnest, neither is an aristocrat nor a wit. But the curse of Oxford is upon them: they are both cold and intellectual, and we fear that in the terrible task of awakening sparks in the heart of Mr. Hume they might be disappointing.

The truth, of course, is that the impracticable Radicals are far more difficult to lead than the insincere. We should have suggested Sir Edward Grey; but he is a baronet, educated at Balliol, which is not generally regarded as a nursery of holy enthusiasm. Probably the earnest Radicals will never be satisfied until the Rev. Hugh Price-Hughes abandons a sacred for a political career, and, changing the colour of his cravat, blossoms forth into a right honourable front bencher. But would Mr. Labouchere, Sir Charles Dilke, and philosophic lawyers like Mr. Haldane follow this type of leader? It will require a genius equal to, if different from, that of Mr. Gladstone to again combine into an efficient voting machine insincerity and impracticability. In the meantime nothing will be done, for the simple reason that it is at present impossible to displace either Lord Rosebery or Sir William Harcourt.

#### CORRUPT PRACTICES AND COMMON SENSE.

SEVERAL weeks ago, in speaking of election petitions, we hinted that such trials were becoming little better than a farce. The St. George's-in-the-East inquiry, which has been going on ever since, has become a public scandal. After no previous General Election have the petitions been characterized by such utter triviality; never have they been spun out to such absurd length, or at such extravagant cost in time and money. The legal profession are calling out for more judges, and yet at the busiest time of the year we have two of those expensive officials sitting month after month listening to complaints which a police-court magistrate would deal with by telling the offended party to "get away home out of this, and don't bother me with your nonsense." That somebody said somewhere had a "dark passage" in his life, and that some-

body else retorted with remarks about "Harry Marks's lodger" and his "lying, sponging crew"; that cartoons were published about "Benn's Bad Dream," or "St. George and the Dragon," the dragon being labelled with "fraud," "bribery," and other assorted epithets—surely these are the very commonplaces of elections, and if every defeated candidate were foolish enough to go to law in cold blood about what had been done and said in hot blood the election Courts would have to sit *en permanence* from one General Election to another. The matter of cost to the individuals is also worth considering, since our virtuous and all-wise Parliament has decreed that the candidate's pocket shall be jealously guarded from extravagance. In Shoreditch, for example, the law said that Mr. Lowles might not, under fearful penalties, spend more than £500 in winning the seat; yet, because he provoked the ire of Mr. Cremer by winning it, he must spend £3,655 3s. in defending it against a foolish petition. It is true that he may recover £1,833 2s. 8d. from his opponent—if he can—the net result being that he is fined £1822 os. 4d. for provoking Mr. Cremer. In St. George's the law is that Mr. Marks may spend just £410; but heaven only knows what he will have to pay when the present trial is over—if it is not too sanguine to hope that it will ever be over. In a word, a candidate enters on a contest thinking he is protected by law against having to spend more than a few hundreds, and finds himself forced to spend tens of thousands because a beaten opponent is credulous enough or vindictive enough to make use of every blackguardly story circulating in the division.

The judges, from Lord Chief Justice Cockburn down, have always protested against these absurd mock-tribunals, and recent proceedings have made them a laughing stock. It will hardly be disputed that the twenty-five years' experiment has been an undoubted failure. If we have to make the best of them, and if the judges are still to be kept from their proper work, they have a right at least to ask that their task shall be confined within reasonable limits. At present, so far as we can judge from the London cases, every bit of silly public-house gossip is thrown into the petition without sifting or verification, and the petitioner trusts to luck that something will come out of it all. In the St. George's case no less than 352 distinct charges of corrupt and illegal practice were made. Of these 76 were struck out by order of the Court before the hearing commenced. Another 125 were abandoned during the trial without any serious attempt to prove them, and on some others no evidence whatever was produced. The rest were dismissed by the judges. The respondent, of course, had to be prepared to meet them all. Now, why should there not be a subordinate tribunal to perform the functions that fall on the examining magistrate and the grand jury in a criminal case? If such a body had been available, most of the dreary list of petitions which have been at hearing all through the winter would have been nipped in the bud, and the one or two that struggled through would have been reduced to their proper proportions of half a dozen definite charges such as could have been disposed of in a couple of days by the judges.

But we go further, and say that the whole business is a mistake, that the judges should never have been asked to mix with politics at all, and that they should be relieved of the work as soon as possible. The House of Commons should be made to do its own dirty work personally or by deputy. The old Committees, we are told, used to decide the petitions by a strict party vote. Perhaps the morals of the House have improved since; but in any case we are not likely to go back to the party Committees. Why should we not try Lord John Russell's scheme—he had schemes for everything, that wonderful little man—formulated fifty years ago, and still extant, we believe, in the form of a Cabinet memorandum? His plan was that, instead of choosing Committees of the House, we should appoint Special Commissions with wide powers of inquiry, and not hampered by the strict rules of evidence (the spectacle of two learned Q.C.s wrangling for an hour and a half over the tale of a ragged urchin who has to be put on a box to be visible at all, and who has to explain the process by which a shilling is divided among twenty



boys, he retaining fourpence, and allocating eightpence to the remaining nineteen, does not tend to edification). Lord John Russell's tribunal was to be composed of five barristers, chosen as revising barristers are chosen, and having power to report to the House as to the result of their inquiry. In these days of obstruction the prospect of a series of debates on such subjects is terrible—we might almost wish to get back to Mr. Willis—but, however the Commission is to be formed, advantage ought certainly to be taken of the present scandal to relieve the judges of unnecessary and uncongenial work, and leave the House of Commons to find the best way it can out of the trouble arising from unchastened Parliamentary ambition.

#### THE CASE FOR THE UITLANDERS.

BY AN INDEPENDENT CRITIC.

THE British public has been so much occupied with Dr. Jameson that there has been not a little danger of their mistaking a mere incident in the Uitlander difficulty for the moving cause of the constitutional agitation as well of the abortive revolution. Mr. Charles Leonard's carefully reasoned and exhaustive article in the "New Review" for April comes in the nick of time to remove the danger. As Chairman of the Transvaal National Union, which, backed by popular opinion, he helped to form as long ago as 1892, Mr. Leonard speaks with authority. He relies on the unanswerable logic of facts, and his statement of the case for the Uitlanders loses nothing by the moderation of his language and the reasonableness of his attitude.

Mr. Leonard makes three main points which his clear and rational treatment will convince any unprejudiced reader to be in entire accordance with the actual truth. First he proves that the Uitlander agitation did not spring, as has been frequently asserted, from a capitalist source, and was not worked up for personal ends by the financiers of the Rand. In 1892, when the agitation first assumed its present form, the struggle for the rights of citizenship was absolutely unhelped by the great capitalists. The hardworking professional men who were the leaders of the people in this just demand for the franchise, this protest against the many grievances which the want of representation had made possible, received neither encouragement nor support from the great mine-owners. It was not till 1895 that the capitalists, at last convinced that their material interests were in danger, threw in their lot with the general body of the Uitlanders. The objects of the National Union have been from the first the maintenance of the independence of the Republic and the obtaining by all constitutional means of equal rights for all citizens of the Republic, with the redress of all grievances.

Having abundantly proved this first point, Mr. Leonard comes to the second point—that the Transvaal Government policy has been a deliberate policy of reaction, of which he traces the steps from 1881, the time when England restored the Transvaal to the Boers, when full citizenship could be acquired after two years' residence, to 1882, when the period of residence was raised to five years, and after the discoveries of gold was further increased, even for those settlers who had come in and invested their money on the five-year basis, to fifteen years. Now as this fifteen years begins to run only from the date when the settler has registered his name in the Field Cornets' Lists, the further injustice ensues that the years of settlement before this registration takes place do not count, and a ten years' settler finds himself placed precisely in the same position as an arrival of yesterday. That this was the intention of President Kruger is made abundantly clear by the fact that the law which provides a fine for non-registration has never been enforced, and the bulk of the Uitlanders are not registered at all. The result is, of course, exclusion from citizenship. It is possible to become naturalized, but "naturalization" in the Transvaal does not include the rights of citizenship; it only includes the renunciation of the old allegiance, liability for military service, and the mockery of a right to vote for President Kruger's sham Second Chamber.

But President Kruger was not satisfied with the

measures he had already taken to exclude Englishmen from the rights of citizens, and reduce them to the position of helots. In 1893 he got the Raad to pass a law providing that a man could only get the right to vote for and become a member of the First Chamber ten years after he had become eligible for election to the Second Chamber. Now, as the law stipulates, to give Mr. Leonard's lucid explanation, that no one can be a member of the Second Chamber until he is thirty years of age, it follows that no man could get those rights until he has reached the age of forty, even if he got over the other barriers that have been erected. And even if an Englishman sacrificed his allegiance to his Queen, and let the best years of his life pass without any rights of citizenship whatever, he would find in the end that he was not allowed to vote for the offices of President or Commandant-General.

This virtual exclusion of Englishmen from the franchise was not enough for President Kruger. There was the possibility that the new members elected might reverse his policy. To guard against this, President Kruger got the Volksraad to insert the following clause in the Act of 1893:—"Extension of the electoral right cannot occur unless a proposal to that effect has been published in the 'Staats Courant' for the period of one year, and at least two-thirds of the said enfranchized burghers have by memorials declared themselves in favour of it." Not to mention the other difficulties, the consent of two-thirds of the burghers is a final bar. One more safeguard to lock the door for ever in the face of the Uitlanders occurred to President Kruger; and in 1894 "he spoke in favour of the Raad's enacting that Uitlander children born on Transvaal soil should not enjoy the franchise unless their fathers had taken the oath of allegiance, and accordingly this wish of his became law." And all this legislation was passed by a Volksraad numbering only twenty-four members, in which a vote of thirteen is sufficient to control the destinies of a country as large as France, with two-thirds of its population unrepresented. Furthermore, it may be noted that President Kruger, in 1895, expressed himself as strongly opposed to an increase of the number of members of the Raad; though, of course, this increase would merely have meant increased representation for the Boers. But even this he feared as a danger to his autocracy. Meanwhile, in the Cape Colony a Boer from the Transvaal can obtain the rights of citizenship easily, swiftly, and at the expense of a few shillings, and even in the Free State only two years' residence is required.

The third main point which Mr. Leonard makes, the responsibility of President Kruger for all this reactionary legislation, he proves beyond possibility of refutation. President Kruger is practically a dictator who has enforced, and enforces, his will on the Raad, though, for purposes of diplomacy, he ascribes to himself a liberal mind, and regrets that his good intentions are defeated by the Legislature which he dominates and directs. President Kruger, in short, is personally responsible for the enslavement of the Englishmen of the Transvaal, and it is by playing on the Boers' ardent and jealous love of their independence that President Kruger has kept himself in power. He is now able to point, as a justification of his policy, to consequences which but for that policy would never have occurred.

Mr. Leonard has proved that the Uitlander agitation at Johannesburg was a popular agitation; which neither in its inception nor in its development could be said to be the work of the financiers of the Rand. He might, I think, have gone a step further, and stated plainly that the party influenced chiefly by selfish personal considerations of a financial nature is the little oligarchy headed by President Kruger, which has the handling of the revenues and the giving of the concessions, made valuable solely through the mining development which is the work of the Uitlanders on whom they are imposed, and from whom they are levied. There has been a good deal of irresponsible talk about the "salting" of Society in the interest of British capitalists, but the same criticism might be applied with much more significance and truth to the means and methods by which President Kruger and his backers maintain their position.

Mr. Leonard's statement of the Uitlander grievances includes grievances in taxation which he shows to be excessive and unnecessary, and to press most heavily on the working-man. The large Secret Service Fund; the monstrous Concessions, such as the Railway Concession and the Dynamite Concession, these and the remainder of the numerous and serious grievances of the Uitlanders are set forth by Mr. Leonard with brevity and force. But these grievances are or ought to be known already. Mr. Leonard's most important contribution, after his proof of the three main points of his article, is his proposal of a new treaty, based on his personal knowledge that the Boer's chief fear is for his independence. The main heads of Mr. Leonard's proposed treaty are these:—

(1) The recognition of Great Britain as the Paramount Power in South Africa.

(2) The guarantee to the South African Republic of territorial integrity and complete autonomy in internal affairs.

(3) The inclusion of Swaziland in the Republic.

(4) The granting of citizen's rights to all foreigners upon a reasonable and—for a specified time, unalterable—basis, fair representation being secured by redistribution.

The rest of Mr. Leonard's demands would, I think, follow out of the fourth. The compromise he suggests—that if the State would take over the railways and adjust railway matters reasonably, the election of the President might be left in the hands of the present electorate for a period to be agreed upon—is an instance of the fairness of mind and willingness to conciliate which mark the whole article and make its statement of the case for the Uitlanders so convincing. Signs are not wanting that Mr. Chamberlain takes a statesmanlike view of the situation. He has laid his hand already on the weak point of President Kruger's position—the fact that the legislation to exclude Englishmen from the franchise is a practical, if not a literal, breach of the Conventions. He may, I think, be depended upon to act firmly, though he will of course exhaust all the resources of diplomacy before resorting to the ultimate argument, which President Kruger will be well advised if he takes care not to compel us to employ; for with a strong Government in office, there can be no question as to the result. By his intervention at Johannesburg, Mr. Chamberlain made himself responsible to use the whole forces of the Empire to obtain redress for the Englishmen of the Transvaal, and we are confident that he is not the man to shirk the responsibility.

#### JUDGE HUGHES.

BY AN OLD FRIEND.

I HAVE known "Tom" Hughes almost as long as I can remember, and have had opportunities of observing him behind the scenes as well as on show. My first recollection concerning him is of being brought up to have my curls patted when I was quite a small boy. Of course he considered himself the authority on boys; and, genial as he could be in sympathetic society, he was never so genial as with a sympathetic boy. There was a regular formal procedure which he expected all his hosts to observe. All accessible boys were to be brought up to him, one at a time, and he must be told that they had expressed great anxiety to shake the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" by the hand. This was often a painful ordeal; for the muscles of his hand were like iron, and he had theories about the expression of honesty and geniality by the hand-grip. Boys who shrank from the process were in immediate disfavour; for his ideal in a boy was "manliness," by which he really meant the antithesis, not of effeminacy, but of boyishness. I plunged into disfavour at once, because I let him see that I did not relish having my hand reduced to a jelly.

The procedure at the audience was semi-regal, and consisted in his putting a series of questions, and then delivering a kind of homily. This was the kind of thing: "Where are you at school? Like it? Any good at cricket? Fine game—cricket. Makes boys manly. Do your duty, always speak the truth, and

then you needn't be afraid of anybody." The finale was a pat on the head and, in very satisfactory cases, a presentation copy of "Tom Brown's Schooldays." The latter did not fall to my lot, because he was displeased with my lack of interest in cricket; but some one else gave me a copy soon after, and I am bound to say I didn't understand a word of it. Of course it had, and still has, an immense popularity with boys; but not, I think, until they have been thoroughly acclimatized to school-life.

It is a wonderful book, just as "Dodo" is a wonderful book, because it sufficed to make the whole of the man's career. It made his name known wherever the English language is spoken, it paved his entrance to the House of Commons, it earned him his County Court judgeship, on which he prided himself more than any of his other honours. It was a success because it was the first thing of the kind ever attempted, and because, though shallow, it was essentially *vécu*. It enabled him to command his own prices for his other books; but none of them assisted his reputation, and "Tom Brown at Oxford" came very near to failure. His latest book of all, "Vacation Rambles," a reprint of many articles which appeared over the signature *Vacuus Viator* in the "Spectator," is worthy of that tedious journal, and should not have been reprinted by any one solicitous for his literary reputation. It consists of mere garrulous extract of diary, no doubt of sentimental interest to himself and his family, but exasperating to the general reader. The following is a fair specimen of the kind of stuff:—"Bonn, 22 August, 1862.—I am sitting at a table some forty feet long, from which most of the guests have retired. . . Heidelberg I thought more beautiful than ever; and since I have been there a very fine hotel, one of the best I have ever been in, has been built close to the station, with a glass gallery 100 feet long, and more, adjoining the 'Speisesaal,' in which you may gastronomize to your heart's content, at the most moderate figure. Here we bid adieu to the Rhineland."

One chapter I have special means of controlling. It deals with water-divining in Surrey, and I was with him all day while the experiments were being made. It was quite a sight to see him puffing across the meadows in close pursuit of the diviner, a villainous-looking rascal, who ran about holding a willow-wand in front of him. The wand was supposed to twitch of its own accord when it passed over a spring, but I believe the man made it turn at what he considered a likely spot. Hughes believed in it implicitly, and wrote the man a splendid testimonial in the "Spectator." What most impressed him was the fact that the wand twitched when held over the chosen spot by a lady; but as the diviner was pressing the muscles of her wrists all the time, this proves nothing. After experimenting as a water-finder, the man made his case still less plausible by asserting that his wand was equally potent to discover gold. He placed some sovereigns on the ground, and showed us that the wand twitched when he held it over them. But he shrank from a blindfold search for sovereigns hidden in the tennis-lawn, though he was told he might keep what he found.

"Tom" Hughes was intolerant, of course. All people with strong views and a strong belief in themselves always are. But he had an extraordinary amount of self-control for a quick-tempered man. I often amused myself by trampling on his pet prejudices, and, though I could see he was displeased, he always answered me with a certain good temper. I think he rather welcomed an opportunity of emphasizing his views. He was a great rather than a good talker—one of those people who insist on doing the lion's share of every conversation, and who take it for granted that every one else will resolve himself into an audience. He was most interesting when he could be launched into the channel of his "muscular Christian" associates—Kingsley, Maurice, and Co. His particular hobby was the American war, in which his partisanship for the North amounted almost to a religion. Lowell was one of his greatest heroes, and he would spend hours reading the "Biglow Papers" to anybody who could be induced to listen. I remember a certain wet day in a country house, when he read this book aloud right through the afternoon and then again after dinner. He



read well and knew it, but a long spell of "Biglow" was irresistibly soporific.

As if in Nemesis for the exaggerated success of his one famous book, he seemed doomed to failure in every other walk of life, even when his abilities clearly warranted some measure of success. He was the type of man who often takes the ear of the House of Commons, but he was a dismal failure there; his colonization experiment in Tennessee was commercially unsound, but with a little luck his energy would have carried it through; and, though no judge was probably ever more single-minded and anxious to do his duty, his rough-and-ready justice became a byword for constant reversal on appeal. He had a strong individuality, an exceptional energy and versatility, and he was conscientious to a fault. But he had absolutely no imagination and his sense of humour was perverted.

#### THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

NOTHING is more remarkable than the contrast between the theory and the practice of the British Constitution. Theoretically, the function of the House of Commons is to control expenditure—that is, to consider the amounts asked for in relation to the purposes to which they are to be applied, and to secure some correspondence between the means provided and the end to be attained. In practice the House of Commons does nothing of the kind. It votes blindfold all that is asked, neither restraining extravagance nor compelling efficiency. For the year 1895-6 the following sums have been voted at the request of the Secretary of State for War and of the First Lord of the Admiralty:—

Army Estimates . . . . .	£17,935,920
Supplementary Estimate . . . . .	70,000
2nd Supplementary Estimate . . . . .	601,300
Barracks' Loan, about . . . . .	600,000
Navy Estimates . . . . .	19,613,821
Supplementary Estimate . . . . .	1,100,000
Naval Works Loan, about . . . . .	1,000,000

£40,921,041

Besides this, some seventeen millions—which, however, are not voted by the House of Commons—were spent by the Indian Government upon its armies. For the year 1896-7 the amounts, so far as they are at present known, will be—

Army Estimates . . . . .	£18,053,800
Navy Estimates . . . . .	21,823,000
Naval Works . . . . .	2,700,000

The theory is that this money is spent to prepare for the defence of the Empire; but whether the preparations covered by these votes bear any relation to the requirements the House of Commons has never asked, nor has information been given to it from which a judgment on the subject could be reached. The money may be far too much or it may not be half enough; it is voted upon blind confidence in the Cabinet in spite of accumulated evidence that the average Cabinet is in this particular matter incompetent and untrustworthy. The defence of the Empire implies a great war, which can come about, speaking generally, only in consequence of the Government saying No to the intention of some great Power. The case may arise either in relation to France, to Russia, to Germany, or to the United States, or in relation to any two or more of them. Common sense suggests that the Government should make up its mind which of these quarrels is probable, and if they are all probable, then by what honourable means some of them may with reasonable certainty be averted; and should then consider the means by which the remaining quarrel or quarrels can be fought out to an issue satisfactory to this country. The House of Commons should then be told in general terms the results of this process as an explanation of the meaning of the Estimates. This suppressed balance-sheet of Imperial defence seems to stand as follows:—

Liabilities. Possible Quarrels.	Assets. Means of meeting them.
(1) With the United States . . . . .	To be settled by surrender, compromise, or other diplomatic process not as yet specified.
(2) With Germany . . . . .	
(3) With France . . . . .	The naval and military preparations covered by the Estimates.
(4) With Russia . . . . .	

Upon the assumption, hardly justified by the as yet accessible evidence, that the diplomatic settlement of quarrels (1) and (2) is final and satisfactory, the question is how quarrels (3) and (4) are to be fought out on the British side. Is the plan to sink the enemies' fleets and then, blockading their coasts, to keep the sea clear for British trade, or is it intended to arrange for an even fight between the two sets of fleets, with no odds in favour of the British navy, and to provide for the contingency of the defeat of the British fleets by preparing the army at home to resist invasion? In either case how is the North-West frontier of India to be defended? The former plan is evidently not contemplated, for the navy promised for 1899 is to be just the equal of those of France and Russia—five battleships in excess on the British side, provided a certain number of French and Russian ships, which can fight in their own home waters but not elsewhere, are left out of the calculation—the British navy is to have a trifling margin to the good provided the plan of campaign recommended by all the naval strategists is not adopted. The Government then deliberately decides that if there is war before the end of 1899 it shall be a struggle for the command of the sea, with the chances fairly balanced between England and her enemies. The House of Commons was quite satisfied with that prospect, terrible though it seems to those who know that our trade, our Imperial work, the defence of India, and the maintenance of communication with and between our Colonies, all depend upon our keeping the full control of the sea. In the Government plan, as I gather from a source outside the debates, India is to take care of herself. The British army is not for India; it is for the defence of Great Britain against invasion, if and when the navy has been well beaten. Of course the members of the Government do not expound their scheme in this form; they declare that their plans are a State secret; but any one may trace through the speeches of Ministers the arrangements here described.

I now come to the military balance-sheet. It should give—

1. The probable force of an invading army in case the British navy should not succeed in its mission;
2. The force required to drive the invading army into the sea;
3. The force provided in the Estimates, which ought to correspond to 2, with the addition of necessary garrisons at home and abroad.

No such balance-sheet is given. We are left in the dark as to the force which can invade the country. Mr. Brodrick marshals the following figures:—

1. Force available to attack the invaders: 3 army corps by no means ready . . . . .	112,000
2. Garrisons abroad (? at war strength) . . . . .	48,000
3. To be mobilized at home, but not to attack the invader . . . . .	333,000
4. To do nothing at home . . . . .	90,000
	583,000

Mr. Brodrick argues that the army is cheap, not by asserting that the figures just quoted show a readiness to repel an invader or to fulfil any other specific purpose worth an expenditure of eighteen millions, but because he has discovered that the amount charged for the three army corps is not more than £6,620,000—that is, only a million a year each more than the cost of a German army corps. But the question of cheapness can hardly be raised until the purchaser has some assurance that the article he pays for will fulfil the purpose for which he buys it. An examination of the Estimates and a perusal of the debates fail to show whether or not the Ministers consider the army to be ready to repel the invasion for which they are preparing. The House of Commons is satisfied with its ignorance on this subject, and apparently the country is contented.

It remains to consider the Estimates from the traditional point of view, which ignores the defence of the country and the nature of the next war, and looks at the details. The Estimates for 1896-7 are in the old stereotyped form, calculated to check the zeal of inquirers. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Wolseley have, perhaps wisely, postponed reforming the Estimates, and have preferred to let the machine run on in the old grooves while they get the War Office and the head-

quarters' staff into working order under the new arrangements. Meanwhile they have decided upon certain necessary and quite admirable measures. A large vote is taken for manœuvres, and a Bill is in progress giving powers to take land for the purpose under special conditions as to compensation for damage. The Bill is cast in a Continental mould, but the purpose is a good one, and the army will profit more from wisely conducted manœuvres than from almost anything else that can be devised. Manœuvres, under proper supervision, are the school of generals. A pious intention is announced to borrow money for new ranges—a need urgent alike for the regular troops, the Militia, and the Volunteers. The Volunteers are to be armed with the magazine rifle—an absolutely sound measure, for no troops except the most perfectly disciplined can possibly stand to fight if they know that they have an inferior or out-of-date weapon. The advance of capitation grant to the Volunteer corps is also a good move. Owing to an old administrative bungle, the Volunteers have hitherto always received their grant a year behind time, and very few corps have been so economical as to have made up for this by saving a year's income. Lord Lansdowne is giving them an extra half-year's grant, which will enable all those corps that are not utterly mismanaged to restore the balance of their finances. This might be supplemented by an anticipatory issue of another kind, that of an extra year's supply of ammunition, which would give every corps its local store of cartridges for mobilization. The allowance to Volunteer officers for their outfit seems to me needless. In an experience of many years I was never able to discover that the necessary expenses of an officer were a burden upon any man who had the spare time and general qualifications required. The unnecessary expenses can be reduced to nothing by a judicious commanding officer. The capitation grants have long been abundant, if properly managed, and the theory that the scarcity of officers is due to the expense is not held by the best men. Nor do I believe that those are the best corps which are "kept together" by lavish expenditure out of the commanding officer's private purse, though commanding officers whose efficiency consists in their wealth are prone to represent the practice as indispensable. If the authorities would grant £10 a year as a shooting-prize to each battalion, and forbid all expenditure by officers upon prizes or treats for the men, there would be no loss of numbers or efficiency, and a gross superstition would be destroyed.

Ministers apparently think well of the system which is now requiring a new gun for the Horse Artillery and converting the gun of the Field Artillery. Yet it seems only the other day that this Field Artillery gun was announced as the most perfect modern arm. The War Office declined to learn any lesson from the great artillery constructor, Whitworth, who proved many years ago that not muzzle velocity but remaining velocity is the essential, and that remaining velocity depends upon the shape of the projectile and the rate at which it spins. The cost of conversion of the 12-pounders is the fine which the public pays for the incompetence, vainly denounced at the time, of the Government gun-makers of a few years ago. It is to be hoped that their successors understand the business better, but upon this point the House of Commons is too indifferent to seek guarantees.

SPENSER WILKINSON.

#### TREE-FELLING AND PHILOSOPHY.

**T**REE-WORSHIP, like many another once universal cult, is practically dead in this enlightened land. Nevertheless, that mental faculty which was the root and origin of tree-worship, and of the worshipping or reverential attitude towards many other natural objects, still exists in us. *Primitive*, we call it in our modern psychologies, but it persists. Pour as much dry and fierce light as you like into the brain, there will always be therein dark or dimly lighted places where it will be able to shelter itself and keep alive. We cannot look at an aged, majestic tree without being vaguely conscious of this strange guest within us; even when Reason is standing by to analyse and criticize, and

warn us not to give heed to what is after all merely an inherited 'memory of the olden time.' Measure and describe the deep-rooted, hoary-barked, green-leaved object accurately as you know how; label it *Quercus*, or what you like, you have really told us nothing of importance; you have not touched the mystery of the tree—its *being*, its *spirit*. Concerning that we each of us know something; but the knowledge is secret, born in us, and incommunicable. It may suit some of our philosophers to say that this faculty and feeling, which links us with the savage and the primitive man, is dead, or obsolescent, in the civilized races: our own minds tell us that they are wrong. And if we turn to literature we find that the man of highest genius is capable of experiencing an emotion in the presence of a noble tree, which, in a lower psychological phase, becomes worship. And if it were not so, if we were without this underlying animism, and incapable of projecting ourselves into surrounding nature; if the sense of mystery were dead, and reverence with it, imagination, too, would wither: there would be neither poetic feeling, nor sentiment, nor religion, and the world we live and move and have our being in would be nigh unto cursing, ready for the flames which, as theologians tell, will at the last consume it to ashes.

It is true that there are men who are without the primitive faculty and its many later beautiful growths, just as there are men in other ways incomplete, mentally or physically, who are without a moral conscience, or incapable of passion, or blind, or deaf, or imbecile. They are exceptions. The pity of it is that these exceptional persons are sometimes in a position to follow their own devices, and lay the curse, so to speak, of their own abortive natures on the face of nature. Two instances of a public misfortune of this kind came to our knowledge quite recently. The first relates to a well-known nobleman, who, a couple of years ago, resolved to sell the whole of the timber on a large and exceptionally well-timbered estate he owns in the Midlands. The destruction is now completed; from end to end of the estate the magnificent hedgerows, elms and oaks, the pride of the country, have been swept away. His excuse is that he is impoverished; that it is hard to get even the miserably reduced rent of eight or ten shillings an acre from his tenants, for the finest land (for wheat) in England; and that only by sacrificing the whole of the timber will he be able to keep up his position for two or three years longer. Had he been capable of seeing into his fellow-men's hearts, of understanding the feeling towards him which such an action would excite in the breasts of all who witnessed it, tenants and neighbours, he would have thought less about his position. It would have weighed nothing in the balance. Death in a ditch would have seemed preferable to salvation by such a means.

Our second case is, comparatively, a very small one; it concerns the incumbent of an obscure little village, situated, curiously enough, within four or five miles of the now treeless estate of which we have spoken. On the glebe land, close to the village, there existed an avenue of very fine elm trees; aged but sound, they were the largest and best grown trees in that part of the country, and the joy and boast of the villagers. When the present vicar took charge of the parish he succeeded, by falsely representing that the trees were a nuisance and made the glebe almost valueless on account of the space they occupied and the shade they cast, in getting permission from the ecclesiastical authorities to have them removed. It is years now since they were felled and the timber sold, but the rustics have not recovered from the shock administered to their instincts. If a stranger goes to the village, he will quickly hear the story of "pass'n and the trees." The parson still occupies the pulpit each Sunday, and preaches holiness of life to a congregation of six or seven persons, sometimes, on very rare occasions, as many as twelve; not only is he the spiritual father and guide, he is also the only gentleman in the place; but in spite of everything, he is regarded with a dumb persistent aversion—such a feeling as we experience towards a person guilty of an offence which, punishable or not by law, men find it impossible to forgive.



It is melancholy to find that a good deal of this kind of feeling is being evoked at the present moment at our own gates. The Philistine vicar of an obscure and distant village is a small man, with small power to injure his fellows, compared to the Director of Kew Gardens; and this great man has once more been seized with the vernal frenzy, and many persons are watching his tree-destroying antics with poignant grief and dismay. These are not of the dumb class of mortals. The inhabitants of Kew are mostly well-to-do and educated people; furthermore, Kew is a favourite resort during the spring and summer months of thousands of Londoners. But they know that it would be idle to raise their voices in this case. Even those extremely vigilant and deep-mouthed "watchdogs," as the newspapers have not inaptly been named, prefer to remain quiescent, their muzzles resting on their extended forepaws, their closed eyes showing only a narrow slit, through which they see while pretending not to see. They were very loud over the tree-felling at Epping Forest; but the overseers of the Forest are not in a position to treat the Press and public opinion with contempt. Kew Gardens is a little independent empire of itself, and its Director is a despot in his place, with absolute power to do whatever seems to him best. It is true that the Gardens are maintained at great expense out of public funds; but neither Queen, nor Parliament, nor Commissioners of Woods and Forests have it really in their power to stay his hand.

It is nothing less than a calamity that a man placed in such a position should be wanting in a sense which is found in the highest and lowest, and is so common as to be all but universal. There is no doubt that he is aiming at something definite; that all these sad hacking, thinning-out, and opening-up operations are necessary for the carrying out of a plan which exists perfected in his mind. He may tell us that it is too soon for an onlooker to give an opinion; but in the meanwhile many noble trees of a century's growth are being cut down and sent away to the timber-yards; and if we may judge from what appears, nothing but a vulgar little taste in landscape-gardening is the motive for these changes; and the end of them will be the transformation of Kew Gardens into something like a pretty tea-garden.

It is reported that the Director loves not trees in masses, and the deep shade they cast—the dim religious light which other men find refreshing to their souls; that he has the idea that no two trees should touch, not even with the terminal twigs of their most widespread branches, but that each tree should stand alone and apart, like the planes on the Thames Embankment, bathed in sunlight from its crown to its roots. And this would seem to be his ideal in the portion of the Gardens which he has taken in hand. Unfortunately in many instances the finest trees are taken, the meanest in appearance left. It is curious to note one thing—the extraordinary rapidity with which a tree cut down is cut up and taken away, and the cavern left by the grubbed-up stump filled up and smoothed over. Where a group of a dozen trees existed last week, three or four will be found to-day, and there will not appear so much as a twig, or a chip, or a little loose mould to show that anything has been changed. In some cases the stump, with the roots attached, is taken to another part of the grounds and replanted, with the roots uppermost, in some open space. Scores of these unsightly objects, looking at a distance like gigantic black mushrooms, may be seen scattered about the more open grounds. It is said that the intention is to cover them with ivy, and that in years to come, when the ivy has grown, they will show as dark green disks on the light green turf, and will then have a rather pretty appearance. Alas, that Kew Gardens, the most precious of London's green places, and last haunt near London of the nuthatch and jay and nightingale, and many another species, should have fallen into such hands! Each one of these hideous black stumps with upturned roots, which are intended to look pretty by-and-bye, represents not one, but scores, of lost trees; and one living tree is worth a million of such ornaments to nine hundred and ninety-nine in any thousand persons. But—alas! again—the thousandth happens to be Mr. Thiselton-Dyer.

## ANTON DVORÁK.

THE Philharmonic was in its glory on Thursday evening last week, when it had a couple of distinguished foreigners to a kind of musical high tea, very bourgeois, very long, and very indigestible. Apparently the directors so overflowed with delight in the fare they had to offer that they imagined that the entertainment could not be sufficiently prolonged; and as they were enthusiastically supported in their efforts by Mr. Emil Sauer, one of the distinguished twain referred to, it was eleven o'clock before those of us who wanted to have our money's worth were set free. When will we English learn that in art, as in other matters, quantity and quality are far from being synonymous or even convertible terms; in what year of grace are we likely to reach the conclusion that in certain circumstances we may be cheating ourselves by insisting upon getting our money's worth?—here are problems for the mathematical or speculative mind to solve. A stall for a Richter concert costs fifteen shillings and the concert lasts about two hours; so the charge for hearing Richter under the most favourable conditions figures out at seven-and-sixpence per hour. As a stall for this last Philharmonic concert cost half-a-guinea, and the concert lasted for three hours, the charge (if my arithmetic is correct) came to three-and-sixpence an hour, which is apparently a good deal less than Richter's price. As a matter of fact it is a good deal more. In art one must resolutely set figures at defiance, for if they once gain the upper hand they lead to the most preposterous conclusions, and may even prevent one accepting such a simple proposition as this—that those who left the Philharmonic concert the other evening immediately after the Beethoven concerto got a better half-guinea's worth than those who remained to the finish. This is not only true in the case of those critics who, as the behaviour of the Philharmonic implies, were paid a guinea (or two stalls) per favourable notice, and who therefore increased their rate of payment by shortening the period of their stay at the concert, but also in the case of the average concert-goer who paid for his seat. For there is a limit to human powers of enjoyment, and after that limit is exceeded every succeeding piece is not profit, but loss. One of the first things the Philharmonic directors must do if ever they set about mending their ways, is to shorten their programmes. One concerto and one symphony are quite enough for a single evening, and quite as much as the band has time to rehearse. The other items should be shorter, lighter, and as contrasted in character as possible. If the directors of the Philharmonic would listen to this advice, and act on it, they would do—well, say a great deal better than they have ever done yet. An artistic policy would pay them better than writing articles in their own praise in popular monthly musical magazines, and even (I cannot help thinking) than cutting off the tickets of those critics who will not admit that improvement is out of the question.

One of the pair of distinguished foreigners was Mr. Sauer: the other, Dvorák, was the hero of the evening; for Mr. Sauer seems to have outstayed his welcome in this country, just as he outstayed it at this very concert. Now, whatever one may think of Dvorák the musician, it is impossible to feel anything but sympathy and admiration for Dvorák the man. His early struggles to overcome the attendant disadvantages of his peasant birth; his unheard-of labours to acquire a mastery of the technique of his art when body and brain were exhausted by the work of earning his daily bread in a very humble capacity; his sickening years of waiting, not for popular recognition merely, but for an opportunity of showing that he had any gifts worthy of being recognized—these command the sympathy of all but those happy few who have found life a most delicate feather bed, and compel the respect of all men who know what it is to labour and to wait, whether early success has cut short their waiting if not their labours, or whether they realize, as younger men pass to the posts they had hoped to win, that the labour and the waiting have been in vain. Dvorák has honestly worked for all that has come to him, and the only people who will carp or sneer at him

are those who have gained or wished to gain their positions without honest work. There could be no conjecture wider of the mark than that of his success being due to any charlatan tricks in his music or in his conduct of life. No composer's music—not Bach's, or Haydn's, or even Mozart's—could be a more voracious expression of his inner nature; and if Dvorák's music is at times odd and whimsical, and persistently wrong-headed and *outré* through long passages, it does not mean that Dvorák is trying to impress or startle his hearers by doing unusual things, but merely that he himself is odd, and whimsical, and has his periods of persistent wrong-headedness. He is Slav in every fibre—not a pseudo-Slav whose ancestors were or deserved to be whipped out of the Temple in Jerusalem. He has all the Slav's impetuosity and hot blood, his love of glaring and noisy colour, his love of sheer beauty of a certain limited kind, and—alas!—his unfailing brainlessness. His impetuosity and hot blood are manifested in his frequent furious rhythms and the abrupt changes in those rhythms; his love of colour in the quality of his instrumentation, with its incessant contrasts and use of the drums, cymbals, and triangle; his sense of beauty in the terribly weird splendour of his pictures, and its limitations in his rare achievement of anything fine when once he passes out of the region of the weird and terrible; his brainlessness in his inability to appreciate the value of a strong sinewy theme, in the lack of proportion between the different movements of his works and between the sections of the movements, and, perhaps more than in any other way, in his unhappy choice of subjects for vocal works. One stands amazed before the spectacle of the man who made that prodigious success with the awful legend of "The Spectre's Bride" coming forward, smiling in childlike confidence, with "Saint Ludmila," which was so awful in another fashion. And then, as if not content with nearly ruining his reputation by that deadly blow, he must needs follow up "Saint Ludmila" with the dreariest, dullest, most poverty-stricken Requiem ever written by a musician with any gift of genuine invention. These mistakes might indicate mere want of tact did not the qualities of Dvorák's music show them to be the result of sheer want of intellect; and if the defects of his music are held by some to be intentional beauties, no such claim can be set up for the opinions on music which he has on various occasions confided to the ubiquitous interviewer. The Slav is an interesting creature, and his music is interesting, not because he is higher than the Western man, but because he is different, and if anything, lower, with a considerable touch of the savage. When Dvorák is himself and does not pass outside the boundaries within which he can breathe freely, he produces results so genuine and powerful that one might easily mistake him for a great musician; but when he competes with Beethoven or Handel or Haydn, we at once realize that he is not expressing what he really feels, but what he thinks he should feel, that he is not at his ease, and that our native men can beat him clean out of the field. To be sure they can at times be as dull as he, but that is when they forget the lesson they should before now have learnt from him, and leave the field in which they work with real enjoyment and produce results which may be enjoyed.

At the Philharmonic concert Dvorák repeated in little the sad mistake of "Saint Ludmila." The symphony in G is far from being a masterpiece. Gorgeousness of instrumental colouring, piquant rhythms, unexpected fortissimos and pianissimos, do not go a very long way as substitutes for massiveness of material, for solid construction, and for intense human feeling, in a form whose only justification is that it permits the expression of intense human feeling to be combined with the grander beauty of sublimely proportioned musical architecture. When the separate lovely parts of a Beethoven symphony, or even the separate lovely movements, have been mentioned, the source of our highest joy in it has yet to be said; and that is our sense of the relation of part to part and movement to movement. This crowning delight in the beauty of perfectly balanced parts no man may find in Dvorák's ill-proportioned, or rather, no-proportioned symphonic

works. He is sometimes spoken of as a great master of the art of developing themes. No statement could be more absurd. A skilful hand at varying themes he undoubtedly is. Send him a couple of bars of uninteresting tune and by return of post he will (if so inclined) let you have back a couple of hundred of more or less interesting variants or transmutations. But this is a different matter to the great art of developing a theme logically into a coherent organism, an art of which Dvorák knows nothing, and of which his art is the express negation, as may be seen plainly the moment he leaves his favourite device of a persistent rhythmical figure, which gives a superficial appearance of continuity to much of his work, and tries to build up a movement in the Beethoven or Wagner manner. And since one never gets strong human feeling in his music, it follows that the G symphony is lacking in the essential symphonic qualities. Nevertheless, it has its pretty bits; the third movement is pleasing; it is always picturesque and unconventional; and at intervals his wild imagination has been stirred to invent passages possessing a full measure of the best Dvorák quality. So it pleased the Philharmonic audience, which had not finished expressing approval when Mr. Berger brought on Mrs. Fisk to sing the Biblical songs. After her came Dvorák, smiling and happy—just as he came to England to produce "Saint Ludmila"—and in two minutes we knew our fate. The Biblical songs are possibly the most tedious compositions that ever bored an audience. Mrs. Fisk sang five of them, and those five contained but one beautiful passage, "Had I wings like the silver dove!" which is genuinely touching. The rest is old-fashioned recitative which may well be used in "Saint Ludmila's" successor. Dvorák, like a great many foreigners, apparently thinks there is nothing the English will not swallow if you mention the word religion; but I am glad to say that even a Philharmonic audience declined to swallow the Biblical songs. The new 'cello concerto may be dismissed in a few words. It contains the qualities and defects of Dvorák's best work. But it cannot hope for popularity, for the simple reason that the solo instrument is inaudible through the larger portion of it, and nowhere speaks out with any effect. The 'cello does not easily make itself heard over a full modern orchestra, and Dvorák has scored his concerto so heavily and thickly that the task is all but impossible. Mr. Leo Stern did his best.

As Mr. Henschel arranged his series of Symphony concerts some time ago I suppose it was the fault of the Philharmonic that its second concert clashed with Mr. Henschel's last. I hope the result will teach the directors to manage a little better in the future, for the playing of the band in Smetana's "Lustspiel" overture and in the accompaniments to the Beethoven concerto let one know unmistakably where the best players had chosen to go. Mr. Sauer's playing of Beethoven's E flat concerto was neither specially good nor specially bad. It lacked strength and brilliancy and—above all—brain. It was encored, and then Mr. Sauer taught the Philharmonic audience not to ask for too much by giving them the longest encore piece I have ever heard, or rather, have ever left a concert-room to avoid hearing. If three or four pianists will make a point of following his example the encore will soon be a thing of the past.

A cutting has been sent me from a newspaper called "The Observer," in which I am referred to as a "learned critique." Space is not left me to deal with so serious a charge this week. J. F. R.

#### BOILED HEROINE.

"True Blue." A new and original drama of the ROYAL NAVY, in five acts, by Leonard Outram and Stuart Gordon, Lieut. R.N., Olympic Theatre, 19 March, 1896.

I AM often told by people who never go to the theatre that they like melodramas, because they are so funny. Those who do go know better than that. A melodrama must either succeed as a melodrama or else fail with the uttermost ignominies of tedium. But I am fain to admit that "True Blue" is an exception to this rule. It is funnier by a good deal than "H.M.S.



"Pinafore" in the absurd parts, and not bad, as melodramas go, in the presentable parts. The authorship has evidently been divided among many hands. In some of the epithets which Mrs. Raleigh, as the lady matador, hurls at the villain, it is impossible not to recognize the vivid style of Mr. Raleigh. One of the unnamed authors—I do not know which—is clearly an idiot; for it is not conceivable that the unspeakable fatuities of the plot can have proceeded from the same brain as the part of Strachan, or the dialogue, a good deal of which is animated and businesslike. Probably the idiot was the original begetter of the drama. As I conjecture, he submitted his play to Mr. Leonard Outram, who, as an experienced actor, at once fell under the spell which unredeemed literary and dramatic idiocy never fails to throw over his profession. He called in Lieutenant Stuart Gordon to look after the naval realism, and supply technically correct equivalents for the Avast Heavings, and Aboard the Binnacles, and Splicing the Main Braces which we may presume the original manuscript to have contained. The Lieutenant, not being an experienced actor, no doubt suggested that if his naval realism could be supplemented by a gleam or two of common sense, it would be all the better; and I can imagine Sir Augustus Harris, on being approached on the subject of finance, not only supporting the naval officer's view with some vehemence, but taking the dialogue in hand to a certain extent himself, with his popular collaborator Mr. Raleigh to lend a hand when time ran short. If this hypothesis be correct, we get four authors besides the nameless idiot; and it is in no small degree remarkable that the play has succeeded because the collaborators, in a sort of inspired desperation, played up to the idiot instead of trying to reclaim him. Take for example the main situation of the piece. A British cruiser is anchored at Gibraltar. Its deck is used as a sort of dramatic exchange where villains and villainesses, heroes and heroines, stroll in, like bolts out of the blue, to hatch plots and make love. First there is the lady matador who loves the captain and hates the heroine whom the captain loves. Then there is the heroine, who also loves the captain. And there is the heroine's maid, who loves the comic sailor, who loves the bottle. Suddenly the cruiser is ordered to up anchor and sweep England's enemies from the seas. The women resolve not to desert the men they love in the hour of danger. The matadoress, a comparatively experienced and sensible woman, slips quietly into the pantry adjoining the captain's cabin. The maid gets into one of those settee music boxes which are, it appears, common objects on the decks of cruisers, and is presently carried into the captain's cabin. The heroine, taught by love to divine a surer hiding-place, gets into one of the ship's boilers. Here the hand of the idiot is apparent, striking out a situation which would never have occurred to Shakspeare. Once fairly at sea, the matadoress gives way to an inveterate habit of smoking, and is smelt out by the captain. She throws her arms boldly about him, and declares that he is hers for ever. Enter, inopportunist, the navigating officer. He is scandalized, but retires. When he thinks it safe to return, it is only to find the maid emerging from the settee to dispute possession of the captain, on behalf of the heroine, with the matadoress. Hereupon he describes the ship as the captain's harem, and is placed under arrest. Then comes the great dramatic opportunity of the matadoress. Becoming acquainted, Heaven knows how, with the hiding-place of the heroine, she takes the stage alone, and draws a thrilling picture of her rival's impending doom. She describes her in the clammy darkness and dank cold of that boiler, listening to the wild beats of her own heart. Then the sensation of wet feet, the water rising to her ankles, her knees, her waist, her neck, until only by standing on tiptoe, with frantic upturned face, can she breathe. One mercy alone seems vouchsafed to her: the water has lost its deadly chill. Nay, it is getting distinctly warm, even hot—hotter—scalding! Immortal Powers, it is BOILING; and what a moment ago was a beautiful English girl, in the first exquisite budding of her beautiful womanhood, is now but a boilerful of soup, and in another moment will be a condenserful of low-pressure steam. I must con-

gratulate Mrs. Raleigh on the courage with which she hurled this terrible word-picture at a house half white with its purgation by pity and terror, and half red with a voiceless, apoplectic laughter. Need I describe the following scene in the stokehold ("stokehole," it appears, is a solecism)—how the order comes to fill the boiler; how the comic sailor, in shutting the manhole thereof, catches sight of the white finger of the captain's young lady; how the matadoress in disguise comes in, and has all but turned on the boiling water when the comic sailor disables the tap by a mighty blow from a sledge-hammer; how he rushes away to tell the captain of his discovery; how in his absence the fires are lighted and the cold water turned on; and how at the last moment the captain dashes in, shouting "Draw the fires from No. 7" (the heroine is in No. 7), rushes up the ladder to the manhole, and drags out the heroine safe and sound, without a smudge on her face or a crumple in her pretty white frock, amid the delirious cheers of an audience which contemplates the descending curtain as men who have eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner. Many more terrors does that melodrama contain, including the public drowning of the matadoress like a rat in a trap, but nothing quite so novel as the boiling scene. The last act degenerates into mere ordinary blood and thunder, only relieved by the touching acting of Mr. Rignold on becoming suddenly penetrated, for no mortal reason that anybody can discover, with a sense of his own unworthiness and the nobility of his donkey of a captain, who, though a sufficiently handsome and pleasant fellow, displays just ability enough to justify a steamboat company in trusting him, under the guidance of an intelligent boy, with the sale of tickets for a Thames steamer. Mr. Rignold, however, is not the man to allow himself to be bereaved of a bit of acting by the absence of any motive for it. He has the only real part in the play: and he makes the most of it to the end.

Nearly thirty actors and actresses, most of them capable and vigorous people with more or less distinct stage talents, are provided with salaries by this melodrama. They have for the most part about as much to do as the hundreds of painted spectators in the first scene (which I forgot to mention, as it is only a bullfight). Mr. Bucklaw, as the gallant, but brainless, captain, showed that he only needs to smarten himself a little—mostly in the way of enunciating his consonants—to become popular in such parts. Miss Laura Graves was irresistible as the parboiled heroine, being powerfully aided by the fact that the authors of the dialogue have thoroughly mastered the great Shakspearean secret of always making the woman woo the man. In actual life there is no point upon which individuals vary more widely than in the effect of publicity on the demonstrativeness of their affections. Some people would rather die than offer or receive the slightest endearment with any one looking on. Others are stimulated to exceptional ardour by the presence of an audience; and it is a tragic fact that these diverse temperaments are rather apt to attract one another. The shy, conscious man whose impulsive and warm-hearted wife will caress him before a roomful of people, and the fastidious reticent woman whose husband's attitude is openly and blubberingly amorous, are familiar figures in our civilization. But I cannot recall on the stage any *ingénue* quite so reckless under the sway of the tenderer emotions as the one played by Miss Laura Graves. On all public occasions she positively showers kisses on the objects of her attachment. One wonders what a French audience would think of her. It is only when she is alone with the captain in his cabin that she subsides into something like the customary reserve of the bright and beautiful English girls of whom she is offered as an authentic type. The maid is hardly behind her mistress in respect of her indifference to publicity; but she does not take the initiative—is, in fact, more kissed against than kissing—the effect being so much worse that nobody less clever than Miss Kate Phillips could make the part popular. As it is, I congratulate the part on Miss Phillips, without in any way congratulating Miss Phillips on the part.

One of the humours of the piece is that the three stowaway ladies never enter twice in the same costume. They change as freely as if Worth had a branch estab-

lishment on board. The fact that this gross impossibility does not interfere in the least with the illusion (such as it is) of the drama is an illustration of the fact that melodramatic stage illusion is not an illusion of real life, but an illusion of the embodiment of our romantic imaginings. If melodramatists would only grasp this fact, they would save themselves a good deal of trouble and their audiences a good deal of boredom. Half the explanations and contrivances with which they burden their pieces are superfluous attempts to persuade the audience to accept, as reasonably brought about, situations which it is perfectly ready to accept without any bringing about whatever. The second-rate dramatist always begins at the beginning of his play; the first-rate one begins in the middle; and the genius—Ibsen, for instance—begins at the end. Nothing is odder about "True Blue" than the way in which the same authors who heroically disregard the commonest physical possibilities in the matter of boilers and millinery, timidly and superstitiously waste half the first and second acts in useless explanations of the villain's designs. The thousands of fiery Spaniards waiting for the bull to appear in the ring are repeatedly supposed to sit in respectful silence for five minutes at a stretch whilst the first and second villains stroll into the arena to discuss at great length the political situation which has led to the presence of a British cruiser at Gibraltar (as if that were the most improbable place for it in the world), and which renders it desirable, from their own point of view, that the cruiser should be sunk. Even if these explanations were intelligible or plausible, they would only waste time: as it is, they are stupid.

In looking over one or two criticisms of "True Blue" I have been astonished to find the writers complaining that there is too much realism and too little melodrama in it. When a man who has just been regaled on boiled heroine asks for more, it is only good manners to congratulate him on his appetite; but it is also well to point out that he has not the public on his side. The really entertaining part of "True Blue" is Lieutenant Stuart Gordon's part. The cooking of Alice Marjoribanks is only funny as a bogus monstrosity at a fair is funny; but the weighing of the anchor is both interesting and exciting. It is true that the interest is not strictly dramatic: it is the sort of interest that makes people visit a man-of-war at Portsmouth; but then this is the very sort of interest to which "True Blue" is addressed. The fact that I did not catch half the expository dialogue in the first act did not disappoint me in the least—quite the contrary; but I deeply resented the gruff unintelligibility of the orders by which the anchor-weighing process was directed, as I really wanted to know about that. What "True Blue" wants is more of the fresh naval routine, and less of the stale melodramatic routine. Why not allow the captain to descry the Venezuelan fleet on the horizon, and give us the process of preparing for action? Why not display in the third act a more interesting section of the ship, showing us both above and between decks? Why allow the catastrophe to be brought about by an impossible valet lamely rubbing out the pencil-marks on the captain's chart with a piece of india-rubber, instead of by a torpedo, or a hundred-ton projectile from the enemy, or—if the maximum of probability is preferable—a collision with some other British cruiser? I am convinced, with all respect to the contrary opinion of some of my colleagues, that in this play Lieutenant Gordon worked on the right lines, and his melodramatist collaborators on the wrong ones. The play is emphatically not the thing at the Olympic; and that is precisely why "True Blue" is better worth seeing than most exhibitions of its class. G. B. S.

### MONEY MATTERS.

**T**HERE was some demand for money to meet Stock Exchange requirements. The rate for day-to-day loans advanced from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., whilst for short periods it rose from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 per cent. Fortnightly Stock Exchange loans were negotiated at  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The Discount Market was quiet; the rate for three months' bills varied between  $\frac{1}{4}$  and  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., for

four months' between  $\frac{3}{4}$  and  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., whilst for six months' it stood at  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The Bank-rate remains unchanged at 2 per cent. Friday was pay-day on the Stock Exchange, and nearly the whole week was taken up by the Settlement, and there was little new business done. The next account is a long one of nineteen days, but it will be broken by the intervening holidays, and not much activity can therefore be expected. Home and Colonial investments remain good and almost unaffected by political rumours. After touching 110 on Wednesday, Consols receded to 109 $\frac{1}{2}$  on Thursday.

The traffic returns of the Home Railways for last week were satisfactory, and the anticipation of fine weather and large traffics for Easter combined to bring about a recovery of  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in passenger lines, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in "heavy" lines, the Great Eastern, the Midland, and the North-Western being the largest gainers. American Railways were entirely neglected, and nobody seemed to care whether their prices rose or fell. Owing to some disquieting mail news from Buenos Ayres respecting the political situation between Chili and Argentina, there was a drop in the Government bonds of the two countries, but the decline was only temporary, and prices soon recovered. Whether Chili and Argentina like it or not, they will have to come to a final settlement of their frontier dispute before they get another loan floated here. "Brazilians" remained stationary, and "Uruguays," after declining to 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ , rose on Thursday to 49.

We are rather astonished to learn from recent Buenos Ayres letters that attempts are actually to be made to introduce here the fourth issue of National Cédulas Series F. Considering the disastrous losses incurred through the previous numerous Cédulas introduced by Messrs. Stern Brothers, W. Brandt's Sons & Co., and the well-known jobbers, G. Cawston & Co. (without prospectus of course), we can hardly believe that any one would have the audacity to offer here any more of such treacherous bonds. Without going through the whole alphabetical list, we may point out that the Provincial Cédulas J were introduced at about 84, and the National Cédulas B at about 62, and that they stand now at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  and 29 $\frac{1}{2}$  respectively, after touching considerably lower prices. The past of the Provincial Land Mortgage Bank is too well known to need characterization, and its Cédulas may now be considered almost worthless. As for the National Land Mortgage Bank, all we can hope is that its management may turn out more satisfactory in the end; but we must bear in mind that it is a Government institution, and that unscrupulous jobbery is as rampant as ever in Argentina. To sum up, all these Cédulas, intended chiefly for export, are nothing but wretched currency bonds. A rise in the gold premium reduces their yield, whilst a fall diminishes the currency value of the mortgages represented by them. Three weeks ago the premium was 200 $\frac{1}{2}$ , whilst now it is about 222 per cent.

With the exception of "Egyptians" and "Turks," which are fractionally easier, the other "Internationals," in spite of fluctuations, are at about the same price as a week ago. Incessant fighting and borrowing seem rather to strengthen Spanish bonds than otherwise. As for "Italians," the "bears" are watching anxiously for the next news from Abyssinia. It is a strange coincidence that the much-discussed circular of the "Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa" was sent out on the eve of the Contango day, and that there should have appeared in the "Times" of Thursday the Pretoria telegram, which was foreshadowed since Monday by all kinds of vague rumours from Johannesburg. That telegram has in any case quite upset the South African market: all prices have fallen more or less. It is fortunate that this surprise did not come upon the market on "carry-over" day. Copper remains steady on the whole. Rio Tinto stand about the same price as last Saturday. To judge by the higher dividend paid by the "Tharsis" Company, the Rio Tinto might be able to pay about 14s. for the second half of 1895, but it is very uncertain whether the Board would declare such a dividend. Silver stands at 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. against 31 $\frac{3}{8}$ d.



last Saturday. There is a better demand for Indian drafts, but Rupee-paper remains at about 64½.

#### NEW ISSUES, &c.

##### THE MONKHOUSE-GODDARD-STONEHAM GROUP.

The following paragraph—from the statements contained in which we have nothing whatever to withdraw—appeared in our last issue :—

##### THE WEST AUSTRALIAN "VENTURE" SYNDICATE.

We are informed that we were slightly in error in permitting a correspondent to suggest, as he did in our last issue, that Mr. Otto Stange was solely responsible for the numerous, if uninviting, projects which have been launched, with and without the issue of prospectuses, under the auspices of the above-named concern. We have no desire to do unintentional injustice even to a gentleman of Mr. Otto Stange's financial reputation, therefore we willingly add that a Mr. Walter F. Orriss is associated with him in these enterprises. We are also given to understand that a member of the firm of Messrs. Monkhouse, Goddard, & Co. is prominently interested in several of these schemes. If there are any others we will gladly add them to the list. Mr. Orriss, we think, is connected with the firm of Messrs. Chadwick & Co., who style themselves "financiers and commission merchants," whatever that may mean. Messrs. Monkhouse, Goddard, & Co. describe themselves as "chartered accountants." That, also, is a very elastic designation.

The SATURDAY REVIEW, of course, is published every Saturday morning; but it was not until the morning of Wednesday in the present week that we received the following letter from Messrs. Monkhouse, Goddard, & Co. :—

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

ST. NICHOLAS CHAMBERS, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE,  
24 March, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—Our attention has been directed by a client to a paragraph in your last issue under the heading of "The West Australian 'Venture' Syndicate," and in which you state that "a member of the firm of Messrs. Monkhouse, Goddard, & Co. is prominently interested in several of these schemes." We shall esteem it a favour if you will allow us to state in your next impression that none of our partners are or have been interested directly or indirectly in any of the schemes to which you refer, that we have now no office in London, and that our offices are situated in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Middlesbrough, and West Hartlepool only.—We are, yours faithfully,

MONKHOUSE, GODDARD, & CO.

This businesslike and courteously worded letter was followed at midday on Wednesday by the following foolish and blustering communication from Messrs. Williams & Neville, solicitors to Mr. A. H. P. Stoneham :—

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

WINCHESTER HOUSE, 25 March, 1896.

SIR,—Our client, Mr. A. H. P. Stoneham, of the firm of Monkhouse, Goddard, Stoneham, & Co., has consulted us in reference to the observations made by (*sic*) your issue of the 21st inst., under the heading "The West Australian Venture Syndicate," and which associate a member of the firm of Monkhouse, Goddard, & Co. with several schemes in language clearly implying their doubtful or fraudulent character. Assuming from the fact that Mr. Stoneham is a shareholder in the West Australian Venture Syndicate, and also in two or three of its allied Companies, and that he a few months since purchased the London business of Monkhouse, Goddard, & Co., that he is referred to, we are instructed to point out that he has no other interest in the above Syndicates and Companies than as shareholder, and that he has every confidence in their reputable character, and to intimate that unless before three o'clock to-day you undertake to insert in your next issue such a retraction and apology as the circumstances warrant, our client will at once seek redress by legal measures. We understand that Messrs. Monkhouse, Goddard, &

Co. of Newcastle, without previously communicating with our client, or consulting his interests in the London business, have written you in terms which, by stating that they have now no business in London, without explaining the fact of our client having purchased the London business, is likely to cause him injury. We, therefore, have to request that you will also undertake not to insert such letter or the substance of it.—Yours faithfully,  
WILLIAMS & NEVILLE.

It is needless to state that we did not vouchsafe any reply to this extraordinary effusion. We should add that we also received, late on Wednesday afternoon, a telegram from Messrs. Monkhouse, Goddard, & Co., asking us to withhold their above letter from publication; but we have declined to take that course. The letter was sent to us for publication, and we fail to see why we should be a party to suppressing it merely because some amount of pressure has since been brought to bear upon Messrs. Monkhouse, Goddard, & Co., to induce them to alter their views in this matter. As regards Mr. A. H. P. Stoneham, we think he would have been wise to have waited until we had actually said something which he could construe into a libel upon himself before indulging in extravagant demands for "retractions" and "apologies," and ridiculous threats of "legal measures." If Mr. A. H. P. Stoneham will address us in the language of every-day courtesy, we shall at all times be pleased to consider his corrections; so far, however, we do not stand in need of them. We can quite understand Mr. A. H. P. Stoneham's desire to stifle our criticisms of schemes promoted by the persons hiding themselves behind the West Australian "Venture" Syndicate, Limited, but we are not to be led astray by the violent performances of any single member of this widely spread confederacy.

#### CROWN LEASE PROPRIETARY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Our readers may remember our references to this impudent promotion and to its twin brother the famous Imperial Opera Company. We predicted that nothing more would be heard of the latter, and the fact that it suffered strangulation at birth sufficiently proved the correctness of our forecast. As to the Crown Lease Proprietary Company, an action for breach of an underwriting contract and another action for misrepresentation having already been decided against it, no surprise will be occasioned when we state that it is about to be wound up. It is said that an extraordinary general meeting of the shareholders will be necessary for this purpose, but we can scarcely credit the rumour. There are surely not any shareholders left now that the action for misrepresentation has been decided! A few unfortunate underwriters remain, perhaps; but we should think that on the question of liquidation they would be wonderfully unanimous. It is an extraordinary fatality which ruthlessly pursues the companies promoted by Mr. John Charles Cottam and Mr. Ernest Orger Lambert. Painstaking and energetic as these high-minded gentlemen have certainly shown themselves to be, a promotion by means of which the public may, at least, not lose money appears to be something quite beyond their otherwise superior attainments. We almost wonder why we took the trouble to criticize the prospectus of the Crown Lease Proprietary Company; it would have been quite sufficient to have said simply, "It is promoted by Messrs. Cottam & Lambert." As it is possible to judge a man by the society which he frequents, so it is tolerably easy to read the character of a public company by the shining light of the antecedents of the persons who have promoted it. Messrs. Cottam & Lambert have realized, so far as the public are concerned, a terribly long list of failures, and not one single success. If we could think that this was merely "fortune's malice," we might sympathize with Messrs. Cottam & Lambert, but unfortunately we cannot do so, and we advise them to give up company-promoting, and so avoid adding, not only to their list of failures, but to their list of victims as well.

#### "HUMBER CYCLE" FINANCE.

We have received a letter from Mr. H. J. Lawson, the company-promoter, in the course of which he seeks

to guide our promised criticisms of the vagaries of "Humber Cycle" finance. We are holding over those criticisms, and Mr. H. J. Lawson's letter, for insertion in our next issue. We notice, however, that Mr. H. J. Lawson does not attempt to meet our statements of last week in regard to his "horseless carriage" schemes, or to the misleading character of the prospectus of his forthcoming "horseless carriage" exhibition. Should Mr. H. J. Lawson desire to supplement the letter he has sent us with some explanation of what certainly appears to us to be his curious behaviour in these other matters, we shall be pleased to hear from him. With such an explanation before us we should be the better able to judge Mr. H. J. Lawson's professions of good faith.

#### MR. OTTO STANGE'S PROMOTIONS.

The following letter reached us too late for insertion in our last issue:—

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

FLORENCE GOLD MINE, Limited, 18 St. Swithin's Lane, E.C.  
19 March, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—I have read the letter in your last issue signed "A Victim," and note what he states respecting this Company as forming part of a large promoting ring. Will you please allow me to state that this is incorrect, as the "Florence Gold Mine" is in no way a company-promoting concern, but is simply a Company owning a mine in W. Australia, which is being rapidly developed. Thanking you to insert this in your next issue, I am yours faithfully,

E. W. AYERS, Secretary.

P.S.—Mr. Otto Stange was not in any way connected with the promotion of this Company.—E. W. A.

Our correspondent did not say either that the Florence Gold Mine, Limited, was a promoting concern, or that Mr. Otto Stange was its actual promoter. On the contrary, he clearly stated that it was one of the companies of the "ring" with which Mr. Otto Stange is connected. This is the fact; for Mr. Otto Stange is a company-promoter, he is a director of the Florence Gold Mine, Limited; and the Florence Gold Mine, Limited, was promoted by the West Australian Goldfields, Limited, a concern which is manipulated by persons who are closely associated with the West Australian "Venture" Syndicate, of which Syndicate Mr. Otto Stange is a prominent member.

#### THE "LINOTYPE" COMPANY.

The annual general meeting of the Linotype Company was held on Monday last, Mr. J. Lawrence presiding in place of Mr. Jacob Bright, who has severed his connexion with the Company. The proceedings were possessed of rather more than the ordinary amount of interest, but we prefer to refrain from commenting upon them (as we would wish to have done) in view of the fact that an action for alleged libels, brought by the Linotype Company against the proprietors of the SATURDAY REVIEW, is now proceeding. We desire that it should be understood, however, that we have not altered our views as to the position of the Linotype Company and the manner in which it is conducted; and we may add that, in the action referred to, our solicitors have, on our behalf, filed a full and complete plea of justification to the statement of claim set forth by the solicitors of the Linotype Company.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### CRIMINAL LAW EVIDENCE BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 OLD SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN, 3 March, 1896.

SIR,—There is unmistakeably and justly such a general consensus of opinion prevalent in favour of the abolition of the present system of criminal evidence as regards the part of the prisoner that any comments on

the Lord Chancellor's Bill can only claim a hearing if they tend in the direction of a toning down of its sweeping character, involving, as it does, the sudden change of the law from one extreme to another.

The English system has so far been the only one in the civilized world which has rigorously consigned an accused to a mute part while being tried for life or liberty, and the English system, if this Bill becomes law, will again be the only one in the civilized world which will indiscriminately constitute an accused a full pledged witness in his own cause.

These striking facts by themselves should, I think, give food for serious reflection. The practical experience which we have had from some modern enactments, admitting the prisoner's evidence, and mostly relating to comparatively minor offences, does not go far enough to enable us to form a safe opinion as regards murder and other heavy crimes; and mere theory is not a reliable guide where extreme changes are concerned.

I will abstain from examining what advantages or disadvantages the proposed reform will have in the case of guilty and innocent prisoners respectively. I may in this respect refer to last week's "Law Journal," which contains the views of four experienced criminal lawyers, who, however, do not quite agree in their forecast on this point.

Two things, however, are absolutely certain—namely, first, that the law, if the Bill in its present shape passes, will compel the accused to give sworn evidence, as a refraining from doing so would amount to self-condemnation (on this point the above-mentioned experts agree); and second, largely as a result of the former, that the number of false oaths which are sworn in our Courts will necessarily be indefinitely augmented, as the guilty prisoner will have to perjure himself.

Now, can nothing be done to avert, or at least mitigate, these harmful consequences?

As regards the first point, I submit, much could be gained by imposing upon the judge the duty of warning, in an impressive manner, the accused, after he has been called by his counsel, that he should not allow himself to be examined unless he feels prepared to give a satisfactory answer to any question that might fairly be put to him. I believe that if, after such a solemn warning in a general form, prisoner would withdraw from the witness-box, the impression of his refusal would thereby to a considerable extent be counterbalanced, if not quite effaced. As regards a remedy for the second very serious evil, I give my suggestion with the greatest amount of hesitation and diffidence, considering that is to the effect that we should deal with a prisoner as he is dealt with everywhere else, except in England—namely, that we should hear what he has to say in examination and cross-examination without putting him on oath. You yourself, Sir, in discussing the Bill in your article headed "Law and Common Sense," of last Saturday, say:—"But that is no reason why the jury and the judge should not have the opportunity of hearing the man tell his own story, which like men of sense they can take for what it is worth." The object of the proposed reform could, indeed, not be put in plainer and clearer language. But is an oath necessary for the achievement of this end? I maintain it is not. I am fully aware that I may be answered that to accept such unsworn utterances would constitute a complete innovation on, and departure from, our English system of procedure; but must not the whole Bill itself be considered in the same light, and is a technical objection strong enough to meet such grave material points?

Is it a desirable result to supplement the class of proverbially false oaths sworn in affidavits, of chivalrous false oaths in the Divorce Courts, by the false oaths of murderers and other criminals sworn in the interest of self-preservation?

The Legislature, not, humanly speaking, the wretched prisoner, will be responsible for perjury of this class, and it is certainly not good policy nor conducive to the moral conscience of the people to bring the sanctity of the oath still more into discredit.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

JULIUS HIRSCHFELD.



## REVIEWS.

## MR. ROBERT BRIDGES ON KEATS.

['Poems of John Keats.' Edited by G. Thorn Drury. With an Introduction by Robert Bridges. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1896.]

RARELY does any considerable poet to-day take in hand the work of writing a critical introduction to one of the poets who have admittedly become classics. Yet it is obvious that on the diction, rhythm, and metre, and indeed on the whole technique, as well as the inspiration, of poetry, there can be no judge so competent to speak as one who has proved his mastery of the art by his own achievements in verse. The new edition of the poems of Keats in the Muses Library—an edition that leaves nothing to be desired in point of get-up, of paper, print, and binding—has had the rare good fortune to obtain a long critical introduction from Mr. Robert Bridges. Mr. Bridges is a poet himself, deeply in sympathy with the distinctive excellences of Keats, and his critical introduction is a performance of real merit and usefulness. Mr. Bridges conceives the aim of criticism to be accurate judgment, not the ecstatic and unqualified praise which is dear to irresponsible critics. He has the highest praise for the best work of Keats—the work by which he is adequately represented—but he begins by admitting that the mass of the work is disappointing. Keats left his failures as they were, having, as Mr. Bridges says, too much pride to be ashamed of them, and too strong a conviction of an everflowing and, as he felt, an increasing and bettering inspiration to think it worth while to spend fresh time in revising what a younger moment had cast off. "The purpose of this essay," Mr. Bridges goes on, "is to examine Keats's more important poems by the highest standard of excellence as works of art . . . ; to investigate their construction, and by naming the faults to distinguish their beauties, and set them in an approximate order of merit; also, by exhibiting his method, to vindicate both the form and meaning of some poems from the assumption of even his reasonable admirers, that they have neither one nor other." This ambitious and somewhat unusual purpose Mr. Bridges adheres to, and it may be at once said that he has succeeded in producing an essay in criticism of much interest and value.

He begins with "Endymion," Keats's longest, and perhaps most unequal, poem. Keats himself had a poor opinion of "Endymion," describing it as a feverish attempt. The narrative is dim and undefined, and the interest flags; but, of course, whole passages, such as the Ode to Pan, and the Ode to Sorrow, in the Fourth Book, are of a rare and sustained excellence, which alone ought to have made the adverse and contemptuous contemporary criticism an impossibility. Mr. Bridges certainly succeeds in giving intelligibility and significance to a great deal of "Endymion" by his admirable analysis, whether or not the general meaning, as explained by Mr. Bridges, was present in the mind of Keats when he wrote the poem. An important point he makes is the identification of the Moon, Cynthia, and the Indian lady as one at the close of the poem. Up to this point Endymion never recognizes Cynthia to be the Moon, and is perplexed when he finds himself loving Cynthia and the Indian lady at the same time, and then remembers his first love, the Moon, and says he has a triple soul. Mr. Bridges has a good deal to say very much to the purpose on Keats's idea of woman. For instance, he points out that Keats's primarily objective and pictorial art required a satisfactory pictorial basis, which, in the case of ideal women, did not exist in Keats's time. Mr. Bridges examines the short "Endymion," afterwards named from its first line—"I stood tiptoe upon a little hill"—and "Sleep and Poetry," both of which contain examples of the feeble and unfortunate mannerisms which were due to Leigh Hunt's influence.

Keats was twenty-two when he finished "Endymion" in 1817. It was written under Elizabethan influences, and has the defects of its qualities, exuberance of fancy tending to pass into extravagance. A year passed and the influence of Milton was paramount when the young

poet began "Hyperion." The blank verse of this torso—for Keats never completed it—is musical and strong, and the best passages rank among the highest achievements of Keats. By September 1819 a strong revulsion of taste had set in, and the "Paradise Lost," which not a month before had been "every day a greater wonder," was severely condemned. It is important to observe that Keats did his best and most important work while he was under Milton's influence—that is, between September 1818, when he began "Hyperion," and September 1819, when he discarded it. Mr. Bridges makes a most interesting comparison of "Hyperion" with the later Revision of "Hyperion," and shows very happily how Keats had by this time fallen under the influence of Dante. The three finished tales, "Isabella," "The Eve of St. Agnes," and "Lamia," next occupy Mr. Bridges's essay, and he is, we think, unduly severe in his criticism of the first, though his comparison of what he calls somewhat awkwardly the "characteristic ægritude of passion" of Isabella with the characteristic atmosphere of the Rossetti school of painting is suggestive and interesting. We should hardly, however, go the length of saying "that Keats may be safely credited with a chief share of its parentage." "The Eve of St. Agnes" is of the "Hyperion" period, January 1819, and is full of characteristic beauty. "Lamia," written in September 1819, differs from "Endymion" in showing an approach to Dryden's versification. But surely Mr. Bridges is aware that it is unnecessary to suppose that Keats studied Dryden directly, as he could have got, and probably did get, the Dryden use of the couplet and the occasional triplets and twelve-syllable lines from Leigh Hunt's "Story of Rimini." "The Eve of St. Mark" Mr. Bridges rightly regards as much more near a solution of the problem how to match Chaucer's narrative in modern English, though we should hardly compare the latitude of its octosyllabic metre to the metrical latitude of "Christabel." It is interesting to note that the six most famous odes—"Psyche," "Melancholy," "Nightingale," "Grecian Urn," "Indolence," "Autumn"—were written during that part of 1819 when Keats was under the influence of our greatest master of style, Milton. To these six odes Mr. Bridges very properly adds the fragment of the "May Ode," and the odes to "Pan" and to "Sorrow" from "Endymion." Mr. Bridges ranks first as a faultless masterpiece the "Ode to Autumn," but fully admits the superiority in beauty and richness of the "Nightingale" ode, which we should certainly class first; next he ranks "Melancholy"—rightly, we think, for it springs from the very heart of the poet. We should be disposed to put "Psyche" after, instead of before, the "Grecian Urn." He overestimates, we think, the Ode to Sorrow from "Endymion"—"I regard this as one of the greatest of Keats's achievements"—but he does not hesitate to point out what he conceives to be the faults of "Nightingale" and "Grecian Urn," and shows that it is possible to look critically at what one most admires.

As to the sixty sonnets of Keats, Mr. Bridges asserts somewhat pedantically that they are sonnets only in external form; but his new classification by contents and form of thought would exclude many of the best sonnets in the language, and indeed Mr. Bridges has the courage of his opinions, for he does not hesitate to say that Milton's sonnets to Vane, Fairfax, and Cromwell are odes. Still, even here Mr. Bridges has a good deal that is interesting and valuable to say. For instance, he points out that the early sonnets of Keats are Italian in rhyme system, and all the later are Shakspearian; while if we pick out from them the twelve best poems, these will all be found to be true sonnets, and eight of them on the Shakspearian model. Of the eight sonnets placed first by Mr. Bridges, there are five of the eight selected by Matthew Arnold. In these sonnets Mr. Bridges considers the eighth line of the Chapman's Homer sonnet below the mark, and the final couplet of "When I have fears" weak, and this though he seems inclined to put Keats's sonnets next to Shakspeare's.

The section of Mr. Bridges's essay which deals with diction and rhythm is specially interesting. He very effectively defends some of Keats's adjectives from Arnold's criticisms, showing the admirable use of

"spangly" and "pipy," and analyses suggestively the class of epithets which most frequently occur.

Mr. Bridges makes an interesting study of Keats's metre, though we by no means accept all his conclusions. In such lines, for instance, as these—"Of bean-blossoms in heaven freshly shed"; "Make not your rosary of yewberries"; or Shelley's "And wild roses and ivy serpentine"—the irregularity in the metre may surely be best explained as the legitimate licence of introducing an occasional trochee in an iambic measure. Mr. Bridges, on the other hand, explains the initial line of the sonnet "How many bards gild the lapses of time," as the inversion of the third and fourth stresses, which he holds to be very musical, though we should call it the somewhat perilous licence of using two trochees successively in an iambic metre, while even the authority of Keats will hardly justify "Guarding his forehead with her round elbow." The examples of imaginative phrases from Keats are well chosen:—"The journey homeward to habitual self"; "Solitary thinkings; such as dodge conception to the very verge of heaven"; "My sleep has been embroidered with dim dreams."

#### "CONINGSBY" ACCORDING TO MR. STEAD.

"Penny Popular Novels: Coningsby, or the New Generation." By Benjamin Disraeli. (Abridged.) Edited by W. T. Stead. London: "Review of Reviews" Office. 1896.

DISRAELI was much parodied and abused during his lifetime, but this last outrage has been reserved until he is no longer here to protest. The whole idea of "Penny Popular Novels," which are not novels at all, but inartistic *ragolts*, is an indecent violence to literature, whereof Mr. Stead could alone be guilty. It is, however, possible that there may be illiterates who are desirous to pose as well read and yet shrink from the labour of spelling out a whole classic. For their shortcomings it may be popular to digest certain books—after the emasculated Bible of Chicago nothing need surprise us. But Disraeli, at least, should have been spared. His novels are masterpieces of colouring and epigram, subtle pronouncements of political philosophy, landscapes of ordered eloquence, triumphs of character-sketching and caricature. But mere plot, such as glorifies a Haggard or a Gaboriau, is not their strong point; and when Mr. Stead sits down, in blinking solemnity, to reduce them to the exigencies of his printer's bill, he transforms Apollo into a shrivelled skeleton by his skotography.

We had not read "Coningsby" for some years when we took up the penny version, but we cherished a vivid recollection of its freshness and unflagging charm. What then was our amazement to find a dreary, disconnected narrative, devoid of human interest, peopled by unreal puppets, and weighed down by tedious dissertations on long-forgotten politics. Only the sternest sense of duty could pilot us to the impotent conclusion. Then we took up the work itself, and found that our appreciative reminiscence had fallen short, if anything, of the splendour of the realization. Here again were the buoyant verve, the witty analysis, the eloquent and incomparable satire. Curiosity impelled us to a comparison. We found that nearly all the social skits and sketches had been deleted bodily; that the lucid flow of glittering phrases had been replaced by an ill-assorted patchwork of halting and often disconnected sentences; that material incidents had been omitted and the development of characters entirely disregarded; that the political passages, which Disraeli always sandwiched skilfully betwixt his lightest and liveliest episodes, had been huddled together, divorced from their context, and afforded a prominence which overshadowed all else, and at the same time had been deprived of rhythm, of reason even; and that—least pardonable of all—whole passages had been displaced and even rewritten in the vernacular of the "Review of Reviews."

To give a few instances among many: the sparkling chapters at Eton, for which Disraeli received universal praise, and the turgid descriptions of costly magnificence, for which he has been mocked, but which were

admittedly characteristic and convincing, have been removed bodily or mangled beyond recognition. The sprightly gossip of the wits and young men of fashion, in representing which Disraeli always excelled, is scarcely ever reproduced. Trausmandorff, Villebecque, and many other characters are introduced abruptly without the necessary preambles. The delicate drawing of Lord Monmouth's character has been reduced to an incomprehensible smudge, so that, instead of a delightfully wicked magnate, he becomes an inconsequential marionette. When Coningsby is taken by Mr. Rigby to see Lord Monmouth, the latter takes a dislike to him, but is enchanted with him before the end of the visit, and parts from him with unusual cordiality. These facts are stated baldly, and the incidents which caused the change are entirely suppressed. The elegant development of Coningsby's intimacy with Oswald Millbank, which throws essential light upon the characters of both, is summed up in a sentence, which does not appear at all in the original. And the account of how Coningsby rescued Millbank from drowning is entirely rewritten by Mr. Stead, and not even rewritten accurately. Mr. Stead tells us that Millbank was "respected, but not loved" at school; Disraeli says he was respected, but does not hint that he was not loved, though, as a matter of fact, he probably was not. The boys went boating "after twelve"; Mr. Stead makes them go "on the morning of Coningsby's return." And Mr. Stead's language is such as Disraeli would never have employed. Here are some parallel passages:—

#### DISRAELI.

"Millbank had plunged in the pool and found himself in some eddies, caused by the meeting of two currents."

"Millbank was quite gone, and Coningsby had swooned on landing."

"'Millbank is getting quite well,' said Buckhurst to Coningsby a few days after the accident."

"His countenance, radiant with health and the lustre of innocence."

#### MR. STEAD.

"Millbank got caught in an eddy."

"Millbank was nearly gone. Coningsby fainted on reaching the bank."

"Millbank was ill for some time after his narrow escape."

"Coningsby's face, radiant" &c.

So far we have treated Mr. Stead's impertinence from the literary and artistic standpoint. From the aspect of political honour it is no less blameworthy. The only charitable view which can be taken of his preface is that he cannot himself have read "Coningsby"; that he may have deputed the process of iconoclasm to an underling. The preface points to various attacks made upon the Conservative party by characters in the book, and leaps to the conclusion that the author was therefore a Radical at heart. But, even if we make the egregious supposition that the sentiments of every character are necessarily those of the author, the fact remains that the Conservative party is denounced, as the late Archdeacon Denison denounced it, not because it is Conservative, but because it does not conserve. The criticisms are not from a Radical, but from a high Tory platform. This is particularly evident from passages which Mr. Stead has disingenuously suppressed. In one of these the author, and not one of his characters, remarks with reference to the Reform Bill:—"It was urged that a contribution to the taxes was the constitutional qualification for the suffrage. But we have established a system of taxation in this country of so remarkable a nature that the beggar who chews his quid as he sweeps a crossing is contributing to the imposts. Is he to have a vote? He is one of the people and he yields his quota to the public burthens." Is this the language of a democrat? And among the passages quoted by Mr. Stead, we find Disraeli saying, "Conservatism assumes in theory that everything established should be maintained, but adopts in practice that everything that is established is indefensible. Having rejected all respect for antiquity, it offers no redress for the Present, and makes no preparation for the Future." "I observe, indeed, a party in the State," said Lyle, who was cer-



tainly not a Radical, "whose rule it is to consent to no change until it is clamorously called for, and then instantly to yield; but these are concessionary, not Conservative principles. This party treats institutions as we do our pheasants: they preserve only to destroy them." "In an enlightened age," said Sidonia, who reflects Disraeli's views perhaps more clearly than any other character, "the Monarch on the throne, free from the vulgar prejudices and the corrupt interests of the subject, becomes again divine." "In my opinion," said Coningsby, "if Democracy be combated only by Conservatism" (Mr. Stead reproduces this as "Conservatism" in his vernacular), "Democracy must triumph, and at no distant date. This, then, is our position. The man who enters public life at this epoch has to choose between *Political Infidelity* and a Destructive Creed." What need we further witness?

#### SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

"The Life of Sir John Franklin, R.N." By H. D. Traill. London: John Murray. 1896.

WE doubt whether any one but Mr. Traill could have made a biography of Sir John Franklin so interesting as, with some prejudice against stories of Arctic adventure, we admit this book to be. Sir John Franklin was unquestionably a hero in the sense of being brave beyond the very high average of bravery that obtains amongst the officers of our navy and army; and he was distinguished by that simple and disinterested devotion to his cause, and that innocent piety, which are perhaps the most unmistakable notes of the heroic character. But in other respects John Franklin was a commonplace man. He had no large amount of brains; he had no redeeming vice; he was very good; and he was a very typical Englishman. But the lives of such men are apt to be *tant soit peu* tedious, and had it not been for the lively guidance of Mr. Traill, we are sure that we should not have got through this volume. Franklin's exploits in the Arctic region were, it is true, not commonplace, at all events at the time they were performed. But, as Mr. Traill himself reminds us, the age has grown almost *blasé* of Polar exploration; and a generation which has fed upon the achievements of a Nares and a Nansen cannot be expected to be very enthusiastic over the mapping of a few hundred miles along the shore of Northern America and the unsuccessful attempt to make the North-West Passage. For Franklin's warmest admirers are obliged to confess that his career is a record of imperfect success. He made three Arctic voyages. In 1819-22 he fought through appalling privations; yet, though Mr. Traill tells us his journey was of "great scientific value," he did not succeed, as he had intended, in completing the survey of the coast of Arctic America eastward from the Coppermine River. In 1825-27 he made further additions to our geographical knowledge to the west of the Mackenzie River; but he failed to effect the junction he had been ordered to make with the voyagers from Behring Strait. In 1845 he sailed to find a North-West passage; and when he was dying in his ice-bound ship one of his officers brought him word that he had seen in the distance what he took to be a passage into the Pacific. As a Colonial Governor it would be gross flattery to say that he even partially succeeded, for his administration of Tasmania was a fiasco. Yet with unerring instinct the nation has made him one of its heroes—so untrue is it that success is the measure of merit with the multitude. We do not know that Mr. Traill is justified in saying that Arctic adventure is "the one form of romantic service" which Englishmen appreciate. Their intense practicality makes them rather overvalue anything in the shape of romantic venture. The hero of the hour, as we write, is a man who has made the biggest failure of modern times, and that in a region nearer to the equator than to either of the poles.

We do not wish to depreciate the story of Franklin's life as a national inheritance.

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,  
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

A maritime nation which ceases to produce men like

Franklin may safely be said to be on the downward grade. He conquered a certain portion of the globe's surface from the unknown, and though it was a small portion the gain to science was considerable. But, patriotism and science apart, for us who have to read many books, it is Mr. Traill rather than Sir John Franklin who has made our task an agreeable one. Mr. Traill's description of Arctic banquets off rotten bones, and moss, and leather, are as vivid as one could wish; and his comments upon the Government departments with which Franklin came into contact, sometimes into collision, are full of that humour of which Matthew Arnold once so comically complained. To plunge the reader of to-day in the parochial squabbles of a penal colony fifty years ago is a bold experiment. Yet so completely does Mr. Traill succeed, that we fight the luckless Governor's battles over again, and deeply sympathize with him in his struggle with a priggish private secretary, an unscrupulous colonial secretary, a scandalous editor, and a brutal Secretary of State.

John Franklin was born in the market town of Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1768. Why is it, by-the-bye, that whenever a hero is discovered to be the son of a shopkeeper, his biographer thinks it necessary to apologize for the fact by explaining that the family had come down in the world, and that originally they had been squires or yeomen, and had been settled somewhere or other for three or four centuries? We are getting to know that sturdy order of yeomen, "the pillar of the country's prosperity," &c.; and we wish Mr. Traill had been above this little weakness, for in plain truth John Franklin was the son of a small country draper and grocer. He was sent to sea to cure him of his passion for a naval career, and became a midshipman in due course. He received his baptism of fire at the battles of Copenhagen and Trafalgar, and went on an exploring expedition to the South Seas under his uncle, Captain Flinders, at the early age of fourteen. Luckily for Franklin the spirit of Arctic exploration took possession of the Admiralty mind after the close of the long war, and an Order in Council was passed decreeing a reward of £5,000 for attaining the Pole. In the year 1818 the Admiralty were evidently persuaded that, after Trafalgar, the British navy would make short work of the North Pole, of which they spoke in what Mr. Traill calls "a tone of easy familiarity." In the Admiralty instructions to the commanders of the expedition the following phrases occur:—"Should you reach the Pole, your future course must mainly depend," &c.; "On leaving the Pole you will endeavour," &c.; "Should you, either by passing over or near the Pole, or by any lateral direction, make your way to the Behring Strait." We have not space to enter into the picturesque account of either the first or the second of Franklin's Polar voyages. They are full of terrible sufferings, and one can sup on *tripe de roche* and fried shoes at the expense of Mr. Traill, who is a liberal caterer. We suppose there are really men so constituted that they positively enjoy physical hardship. For no sooner has Franklin survived the horrors of one voyage than he is dying to be off on another. And what is equally strange, all his starvation does not get him down below fifteen stone, which for a short man of forty-three years is decidedly above the average. After his return from his second voyage, Franklin married, in 1828, *en secondes noces*, Miss Griffin, a solicitor's daughter, though neither elderly nor ugly. He visited Paris, where a Royal duchess expressed surprise at the plump and comfortable appearance of the Arctic traveller. "Nothing, however," says Mr. Traill, with conviction, "is more delusive than the common tendency to connect mere bodily bulk with indolence and love of physical repose." In 1830 Captain Franklin was appointed to the command of the "Rainbow," and was ordered to the Mediterranean under Admiral Hotham, the business of the fleet being to assist at the birth of the Kingdom of Greece. Even Mr. Traill fails to interest us in the performances of Franklin before Patras, or to convince us that he was a heaven-born diplomatist. In 1836 Lord Glenelg, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, appointed Sir John Franklin to be Governor of the convict colony of Van Diemen's Land.

It was a stupid appointment, for sailors are proverbially bad administrators on land. If Tasmania had been a black colony, it is probable that Franklin would have governed it excellently, for we agree with Mr. Traill that the kind-hearted and impetuous sailor had in him the making of a benevolent despot. But to govern a white colony successfully requires a political training, a cool head and a thick skin, the habit of listening patiently to the arguments of your opponents, of laughing at their tricks and taking advantage of their mistakes, and, above all, of disregarding the newspapers. We doubt if these things are to be learned anywhere but in the House of Commons; certainly they are not to be picked up on board a man-of-war. "Chicanery," as one of his friends said, "made Franklin ill." And this was the man sent to govern an Australian colony! For one portion of his difficulties Franklin was himself to blame. He chose as his private secretary—the most important post in a colony next to that of the Governor—an obstinate and pedantic ass named Captain Mackonochie, who had the impudence to run the views of a philanthropic society at home, of which he was the agent, under the very nose of the Governor. Franklin was weak enough to condone his conduct, until Mackonochie was allowed to try his experiments in Norfolk Island, where the result was disastrous. But it was in his struggle with Montagu, the Colonial Secretary, that poor Franklin was thoroughly worsted. The simple and hasty sailor was no match for the supple and callous politician. The quarrel arose over the suspension of a medical officer at one of the prisons, and ended by the suspension of Montagu himself. Montagu, like an old Parliamentary hand, worked the colonial press all the time, and flew back to London to work the Colonial Office, which he did so effectually that Lord Stanley wrote a despatch to the Governor, the tone and publication of which, we agree with Mr. Traill, cannot be too severely condemned. Montagu was whitewashed and promoted; Franklin was censured and shortly afterwards recalled. Copies of the despatch got into Montagu's hands and were circulated in Tasmania before the original reached the Governor, whose successor, Sir Eardley Wilmot, landed in the colony four days before Franklin read the news of his recall. Of course such things would be impossible nowadays, and allowance must be made for "slow sailers" and imperfect postal arrangements.

Sir John Franklin returned home with a personal grievance; and there is no doubt that his sense of failure made him all the more anxious to retrieve his reputation by returning to "his native heath." In the year 1845, when in his sixtieth year, Franklin sailed on his third Arctic voyage, in command of the "Erebus" and "Terror," and 134 officers and men. How the ships were ice-bound between Boothia and King William Land for eighteen months, how the crews perished, and how M'Clintock at last succeeded, in 1859, in finding authentic remains of the expedition, may be read in the lucid and pathetic pages with which Mr. Traill closes a memoir that is worthy both of its subject and its author.

#### THE GORGEOUS LADY BLESSINGTON.

"The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington." By T. Fitzgerald Molloy. 2 vols. London: Downey & Co. 1896.

ONCE upon a time an Occidental traveller stood before the shrine at Kamakura, and regretted that Buddha could not behold his own effigy. One is, on the contrary, almost glad that Lady Blessington cannot read her biography, which Mr. T. Fitzgerald Molloy has just accomplished. It is some solace, however, to those who cherish her memory that there is more of her actual correspondence in the book than of Mr. Molloy's platitudes; and through the letters of such men as Landor, Edward Bulwer, and Disraeli one may yet catch a glance of the eyes to which Byron wrote a sonnet and a gleam of the smile whose radiance escaped even Lawrence's flamboyant brush. Considering the romance of her story and the fame of her friends, one marvels that the years of silence which have followed her death are almost as many as fifty. It is true that she gave her best to her friends and her worst to posterity; and that none of her friends made copy out

of her ardent sympathies is an indirect witness to the quality of tenderness she inspired. She was, one would imagine, of those rare women in whom there is balm rather than stimulation, who quicken the fire of human intercourse more often than they kindle it—a woman to be lived with always, so fair, so true, so sweet.

Margaret Power was moreover among those who owe nothing to parentage. The offspring of a fool by a brute, her childhood passed in a cloud of drunken riot and misapprehension. At length her father, a ruined Irish squireen of the worst type, sold her in marriage to a Captain Farmer, who was not only a drunkard, but an incipient maniac, and she fled from him after three terrible years of companionship. To escape him the more perfectly, Margaret subsequently entered into a union, without benefit of clergy or of love on her side, with a Captain Jenkins, whose home and heart she shared for seven years, and whose family accepted her as his legal wife. She was not, however, destined to become so: her husband met with an accidental death when drunk, and the Earl of Blessington became so enamoured of her beauty during a short visit to her house, that he made her a countess as soon as she was a widow, with the full consent of Captain Jenkins, whose wounded vanity was healed by a cheque for ten thousand pounds.

Lord Blessington had withal more than his rank to recommend him. He was a man of gems and snuff-boxes, with princely habits and amiable inclinations, besides being a lover of life and of art. Finding a hesitancy on the part of English society to receive a wife with a past, Lord Blessington and his bride set out on the grand tour shortly after their marriage, travelling with a leisure and luxury unknown in this age of circular tickets. During a respite at Genoa, Lady Blessington sought the acquaintance of Byron, then in the toils of La Guiccioli and a vegetarian diet. In later and less affluent days she recorded her impressions of the poet whose genius she admired but whose character she divined and despised with all a woman's intuition and contempt for petty blemishes. Byron had then become a prey to a childish superstition and a curious parsimony. His hand was against every man, and many men's hands were against him, fortified by his wife's aggressive virtue. He had, however, enough humour left to hope that his daughter would not inherit his imagination, and enough emotion to weep bitterly at parting with such appreciative friends. At Florence Lady Blessington also began the friendship with Walter Savage Landor which was only to end with her life. Less accessible than Byron, and more sensitive, he yielded at once to her fascination, and poured out all the bitterness of his heart and the agony caused by his domestic troubles, discerning her humanity, which was even more obvious than her splendour. "I have nothing to do with people," he wrote in one of his many letters to her, "nor people with me. A phrenologist once told me that he observed the mark of veneration on my head. I told him in return that I could give him a proof of it. I would hold the stirrup for Kosciusko, the brandy-bottle for Hofer, the standish for Southey, and I declare to you upon oath that I firmly believe myself superior to any duke, prince, king, emperor, or pope existing, as the best of these fellows is superior to the most sluggish mangy turnspit in his dominions; and I swear to you that I will never be, if I can help it, where such folks are." How one loves Landor for that arrogance, and Lady Blessington for her appreciation of it.

But she who had given so much sympathy was soon to stand in sore need of it, for no sooner was she installed in great magnificence in Paris, than Lord Blessington died after two days' illness, leaving her insufficiently provided for. Returning to England grief-stricken and impoverished, she commenced that *vie à trois* with Count d'Orsay and her stepdaughter, ill-mated together by Lord Blessington's caprice, which counted unto her for so much unrighteousness. That d'Orsay neglected his wife is undeniable; but for the calumny that his mother-in-law's consolation was other than maternal there is not a shadow of proof, as Mr. Molloy valiantly asserts. The fact that Englishwomen of her own rank shunned her society merely served to give her salon,



where all the distinguished men of the day sought distraction from the arduous service of their country or of their art, its unique and inimitable character. To quote her biographer:—"The wittiest sally of Jekyll, the cleverest stories of Lyndhurst and Brougham, the worthiest epigram of Rogers . . . were reserved for her ears." Thither came Benjamin Disraeli with his flowered waistcoats and his biting sarcasms, Edward Bulwer posing as "Pelham," Barry Cornwall, undreaming that his pen should write the epitaph of his radiant hostess, and at a later day Prince Louis Napoleon, Charles Dickens, and a score of others with imperishable names.

But in the midst of all this magnificence Lady Blessington was constantly harassed by financial embarrassments. It was with the idea of increasing her income to meet her enormous expenditure that she embarked upon a literary career. The "Book of Beauty," a periodical magazine started under her editorship, reached success at a bound, which she followed up with a novel, and another and another. At first her fame and her immense acquaintance secured her a large circulation, but soon the labour of authorship began to undermine her health, and as her creditors continued to outnumber her readers, the inevitable disaster could no longer be postponed. Gore House with its store of treasures went to the hammer, and "the gorgeous Lady Blessington" to exile in Paris, where she was destined only a few months later to find a grave.

To the memory of her grace and graciousness be it added that she was the last of her line. Since the dazzling constellation of her guests dissolved into individual brilliance, there has been much hospitality in England, but very little entertaining. Our race has only the defects of those qualities essential to the making of an ideal hostess, the least of which are wit and beauty. Especially do they lack that gift of giving audience, which was the secret of Lady Blessington's charm. Shining herself without effort, she devoted her energies to drawing out all the brilliant possibilities of her guests, whether in conversation or in confidence. She was at once a woman of letters, by sympathy if not by achievement, and a woman of the world, an exquisite and irresistible duality which gave her an empire whose sun set upon her tomb. The literary salon does not exist in the London of to-day. We only know the gorgeous hospitality of the great and the tea parties of Bohemia. That fusion of the best of both worlds was due to Lady Blessington, and it died with her. The despotism of a white hand is now, alas! no longer despotic, nor the hand white. The individual influence of a Lady Blessington has been replaced by the weight of the collective woman. And, as one more than common wise once remarked as touching the tyranny of committees, she has neither a body to be worshipped nor a soul to be saved.

#### THE ROMANCE OF EXMOOR AGAIN.

"Tales from a Telling House." By R. D. Blackmore.  
London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1896.

ONE of the loveliest regions of wild Nature left in Modern England is Exmoor. A great space of heathered upland, rising to mountainous height in Dunkery Beacon, it is pierced by sheltered glens or coombes often full of fine timber, and divided by rushing trout-streams and rivers. This region is bordered to the west by the sea, and the lofty cliffs are marvels of colouring when they are not clothed with woodland; so that the natural charm of Exmoor comprises moorland scenery, woodland scenery, and coast scenery, all of superlative excellence, and forming together a combination almost unique in variety of beauty. Charles Kingsley, in his poetic prose idylls, perceived and painted this scenery under "the light that never was on land or sea, the consecration and the poet's dream." But one element of supreme importance, as Ruskin has shown, was wanting—the element of human interest. The loveliness of Exmoor remains very much what it was in the past, but the element of human interest has for some years been adequately supplied. Mr. R. D. Blackmore has indisputably united the land of Lorna Doone with the personages of his great romance, which has won for itself

a great and growing popularity, such as a masterpiece of fiction seldom attains in the lifetime of its author. Thanks to Mr. Blackmore the natural magic of Exmoor is enhanced by a romantic interest which no other part of England—not even Mr. Hardy's Wessex—can at present claim to rival. John Ridd and the family and farm-servants at Plover Barrows Farm, Lorna and the Doones, Tom Faggus, the Huckabacks, and the rest, people the Oare Valley, Bagworthy Water, and the wild expanse of Exmoor, and supply a real human interest and a real and intimate charm to the country in question that surpasses all that trustworthy history can, as a rule, bestow. It matters nothing that the very existence of the Doones is open to question; that the famous water-slide at the Doone Valley would not deter an average schoolboy—the thing is done. Mr. Blackmore, "sole sitting by the shores of old Romance," has waved his wand, and given to the creations of his imagination a local habitation and a name which criticism can no more deprive them of than Wolff could annihilate the reputation of Homer. If Scott deserves the title of the "Wizard of the North," Mr. Blackmore has earned, if he has not received, that of the "Wizard of the West." The cause of Mr. Blackmore's success, the unflinching popularity of his Exmoor romance, is not far to find. Healthy human interest, a genuine natural magic in painting Exmoor scenery and Exmoor types, the charm of a perfect style—perfect, that is, for its purpose—have reinforced the universal appeal to our average English mind of the romantic and adventurous element, and thus the somewhat Utopian pictures of farm-life about two hundred years ago have gained acceptance which even Mr. Hardy's potent naturalism toils after in vain.

No sympathy with revolt against unpying circumstance, no ideas of social regeneration, have as yet the power that the love of nature and the love of romance retain on the English mind. Some at least of the qualities which make up the charm of "Lorna Doone" are exemplified in Mr. Blackmore's new volume of short stories, "Tales from the Telling House"; but, though the old magic of style is to be found in many passages, the old felicity of description, the book will be read chiefly because it brings back Mr. Blackmore's readers to Exmoor, and in the first two stories to the personages of his great popular romance. For as Antæus found renewed strength from the touch of earth, so Mr. Blackmore has only to touch the skirts of Exmoor to regain his pristine power to charm. The first story, "Slain by the Doones," is the story of Sylvia Ford, the daughter of an old Cavalier, told by herself. The vivid narrative of the Squire's death is in Mr. Blackmore's best style, though the improbability of such a tale on the lips of the little boy, Dick Hutchings, is considerable, if one was allowed to criticize. Fortunately that is just what Mr. Blackmore does not allow his readers to do. He carries us away with the speed and romantic interest of his narrative, and the interest does not flag up to the very end of the story. An abduction by Carver Doone, a rescue by John Ridd, an interview with the Counsellor, and a glimpse of Marwood de Wichehalse are enough to satisfy the numerous public who are quite prepared to enjoy anything their favourite author puts before them.

The story of Frida de Wichehalse and her unfortunate love may or may not be based on fact, but it has much of the atmosphere of its time, that of the great Civil War, and, set as it is in the seacoast scenery of Exmoor, is not devoid of a sad charm. It goes without saying that it is full of Mr. Blackmore's familiar natural magic. The mood of the deserted girl finds a sympathetic setting in the coast of Lee Bay:—"Often thus the soft low moaning of the sea encompassed her, where she stood, in forgotten beauty, careless of the wind and wave. The short uneasy heave of waters in among the kelpy rocks, flowing from no swell or furrow on the misty glass of sea, but like a pulse of discontent and longing to go further; after the turn, the little rattle of invaded pebbles, the lithe relapse and soft shampooing lambency of oarweed, then the laved boulders pouring gritty runnels back again, and every basined outlet wavering toward another inlet; these and every phase of each innumerable to-and-fro made or met their impress in her fluctuating misery."

"Crocker's Hole" is a little story of schoolboy life, of the fishing for a great trout in the Culm, near Culmstock, where Devon borders on Somerset; but though the story is of the slightest kind, the treatment is Mr. Blackmore's at his best. John Pike, the hero of the story, is a pupil of the narrator's father, the parson of the parish, and is devoted to the use of his trout-rod. Here is a part of the description of the great trout, the object of John Pike's anxious preparations:—"He had a sweet hover both for rest and recreation under the bank in a placid anitre where the water made no noise but tickled his belly in digestive ease." "He was gently fanning with his great clear fins, but holding his own against the current mainly by the wagging of his broad-fluked tail. As soon as my slow eyes had once defined him, he grew upon them mightily, moulding himself in the matrix of the water as a thing put into jelly does." "His head was truly small, his shoulders vast; the spring of his back was like a rainbow when the sun is southing; the generous sweep of his deep elastic belly nobly pulped out with rich nurture." As to his colour, "He seemed to tone away from olive and amber with carmine stars to glowing gold and soft pure silver, mantled with a subtle flush of rose and fawn and opal." "Swoop came a swallow, as we gazed, and was gone with a flash, having missed the Mayfly. But the wind of his passage or the skir of wing struck the merry dancer down, so that he fluttered for one instant on the wave, and that instant was enough. Swift as the swallow and more true of aim, the great trout made one dart, and a sound, deeper than a tinkle but as silvery as a bell, rang the poor ephemerid's knell. The rapid water scarcely showed a break; but a bubble sailed down the pool, and the dark hollow echoed with the music of a rise." Defeated by the breaking of his rod in a first attempt, Pike tries a rose beetle. For the result of the final conflict we must refer the reader to Mr. Blackmore's vivid pages. Every line in Mr. Blackmore's descriptions of nature is worth observing. He loves and sees nature as Richard Jefferies did, and he has much of Jefferies' skill of description, with not a little in his language, at times, of the *curiosa felicitas* of Mr. George Meredith. Like Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Blackmore is in heart and imagination a poet, and we may add in the diction and rhythm of the *oratio soluta*—one cannot call it prose—in which his natural magic often finds adequate expression.

To sum up. Mr. Blackmore's short stories, which have very little in common with the finished and pregnant brevity of the French *conte*, are full of healthy sex interest as contrasted with the unhealthy and wearisome dalliance with indecency which is too common in the up-to-date novel of the day. We must, however, except from this praise "George Bowring," which is sensational and commonplace; and, though not entirely wanting in good work, falls in the main far below the high standard to which Mr. Blackmore has accustomed us in treating of his native county.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Vacation Rambles." By Thomas Hughes, Q.C. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

IN his preface the author declares that it is hardly worth while to publish his letters to the "Spectator," and to some extent we are inclined to agree with him. The chance observations of a traveller on the Continent in the 'sixties, for instance, are not particularly exciting to the general public to-day, though there are things here and there which will interest particular persons. Those, for example, who knew Dieppe in its glorious days during the Second Empire will enjoy the twelfth letter, and enthusiastic Dieppoises of that period will read with a thrill of pleasure the praise bestowed on the "very remarkable sermon" preached at the Protestant Church there on 13 September, 1863. Even the mistake in the name ("Revel") is interesting, considering that the preacher has since arrived at such celebrity as demands correct spelling. The letters from America, and especially from Tennessee, are different altogether. Mr. Hughes was not just an ordinary traveller in this case.

"English in American Universities." By Professors in the English Departments of Twenty Representative Institutions. Edited, with an Introduction, by William Morton Payne. Boston, U.S.A.: D. C. Heath & Co. 1895.

This volume is not so interesting to English readers as might be expected from its title. The twenty Professors concern

themselves a good deal with descriptions of actual courses and lectures, and arrangements for first, second, and third years—things not easily understood by any one who is not thoroughly acquainted with the general systems of the various American Universities. It would need some little labour, for example, on the reader's part to keep in view throughout the twenty articles such an elementary distinction as that between the English required of all students and the English which is a separate and "elective" study. This is, of course, no criticism of the book, but only some indication of its scope. We must still wait for the man who will take up the material and "handle" it methodically, dropping such differences of training as are unimportant, and insisting on those which show differences of purpose. It would appear that the aim of English lecturers is not so much to create a course of study for those who cannot, or will not, take up classics or mathematics or science, and yet wish to work at a University and take its degree, as to stimulate a love of literature and improve literary taste. It is a pleasure to remark that the text-book, that symbol of incapacity and all-wickedness, is generally discarded, and that the lecturers are left as free as possible.

"Stories, Sketches, and Rhymes in the Rochdale Dialect." By John Trafford Clegg. Rochdale: James Clegg. 1895.

Certainly John Trafford Clegg knew how to use Rochdale dialect, and a delicious language it is. "Th' Owd Weighver" is successful at every point, whether he is transcribing a reviling match between two Rochdale wives across the street or painting a picture of a brook in its valley. And in either extreme the dialect comes out triumphant, with astonishing terms of abuse, or with words and pronunciations of the most sensitive and vividly descriptive power. The author is at his best when he is quite free of story, as in the two rambles with the poet or the trip to Blackpool. This last is a masterpiece; the whole of Blackpool is in it—the crowd, the sea, the lodgings, the first gush of sea-wind after the sooty, cotton-dusty Rochdale (beloved Rochdale, for all that), enjoyed by the weaver and his old mate, who is bent on seeing nothing worth going for in Blackpool. "Clog Tops" is almost as good a farce of mystification as anything by Mark Twain, and in one way more artistic than many of his; for it turns entirely on a very human weakness of the chief actor, and over and above the fun we are given a completer insight into this man's character than we should expect from six pages of nonsense. The author did not overdo his dialect; he could, when he liked, write a paragraph that needed half a dozen lines of footnotes; but he kept this power for peculiar occasions, when peculiar efforts were needed.

"Criminals I have Known." By Major Arthur Griffiths. London: Chapman & Hall. 1895.

Major Griffiths, of course, knows his subject entirely, and it is interesting to get a view of prison-life from the inside, undisturbed by any morality. Perhaps perfect familiarity with criminals dries up all wish to moralize; at any rate Major Griffiths leaves that part to his readers, and the book gains greatly in weight by this piece of generosity on the part of the author. He is at his best when he is describing characteristic prison-scenes and the peculiarities of criminals. When he tells a more connected story he is less satisfactory: one ungratefully forgets the peculiar interest which lies in his facts, and unconsciously judges the thing by another standard—the standard of fiction.

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#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER ETCHERS.—ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY NOW OPEN at the SOCIETY'S GALLERY, 5A Pall Mall East, from 10 to 6. Admission, 1s. A. STEWART, Secretary.

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Mr. J. WILSON ARCHIBOLD, M.A.I.M.E., Superintending Engineer of the Hit or Miss Proprietary Gold Mines, in his mail report dated 2nd November, 1895, says:—

"The outcrop of four lode formations is exposed in several costean through-out the property. . . .

"These lode formations vary in width from 20 to 30 ft. . . .

"Lease 1,468. About 5 chains from the S.E. boundary, a lode has been opened up by a costean about 18 ft. wide. At the end of the costean a shaft has been sunk to a depth of 60 ft., and a cross-cut driven East and West for 75 ft. on the lode, the full width being not yet determined. . . . A little gold is to be got by dollying throughout the formation, and most of the ironstone veins will give from 1 to 3 ozs. to the ton. About 50 ft. North, this lode is also opened by an underlay shaft about 25 ft. deep. This shaft also shows a large body of ore.

"Lease 1,467 contains the Northern extension of the lode above described, and the outcrop of three other lodes is showing on the surface opened by costeans about 6 to 8 ft. deep.

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"Lease 1,601 covers the North-West extension of the lode opened in 1,468. The lode is here proved by a shaft to a depth of 50 ft., and shows a strong lode formation similar to that in lease 1,468. The bearing of this lode is N.N.W., and a reference to the map will show that the property covers the S.E. continuation of the Brownhill line. . . .

"The stone in similar formations in this district is not offering unusual problems in its extraction. The great bulk of the gold will be most chiefly saved by amalgamation, and if necessary the tailings may be handled by several of the well-known methods." (Copy of report in full enclosed with prospectus.)

He had also previously cabled as follows:—

"The situation of the property is all that can be desired, in direct extension of the lode Brownhill, geological formation is similar, the reefs on the property amount in number to four, the lode has been proved to a depth of 60 ft., the lode carries gold in paying quantities, lode opening up well, width not yet determined, at present time 30 ft."

Mr. GERHARD A. STOCKFELD, M.E., a well-known authority on the Hannan's fields, reports by cable as follows (12th November, 1895):—

"I have examined the mine, and can recommend it. The reefs on the property amount in number to four. There are strong indications of others. Width has not been proved; average up to the present time about 23 ft. Assays made from the vein matter give from 20 dwts. upwards. (The Property) has been proved by workings and developments. The deepest shaft is 60 ft. In all probability continuation Brownhill. I consider it a most valuable property."

Mr. LESLIE A. NORMAN, M.A.I.M.E., cables on 14th February, 1896, as follows:—

"The leases 1,466, 1,467, 1,468, and 1,601 are situated at Hannan's, nearly a mile east of the Great Boulder. The leases are traversed by several extensive auriferous formations characteristic of the belt. The explorations of the leases are by means of costean pits and trenches and shafts with most encouraging results, showing the continuity in strike of the several formations now being successfully worked in the north end of the belt. The lodes are being skillfully worked, and I consider the property very valuable."

He also is reporting in September 1895, on leases Nos. 51 and 175, at Hannan's (See Sir John Forrest Company's prospectus, the "Times," 11th October, 1895), says:—

"It is incontestable that, with equal area, the group of Mines within the Hannan's Gold Belt have no parallel on the field, and I make this assertion advisedly, developments in a large number of mines having proved the existence of extensive bodies of very high grade ore."

Mr. LOUIS WILLS, General Manager Wills' Consolidated Gold Mines, now in London, who left Coolgardie the end of December, and is acting as agent for the owners of the property, writes to the Directors:—

"February 11, 1896.—I have made a thorough examination of the leases 1,466, 1,467, 1,468, and 1,601 at Hannan's. The total length of the claims is 5,868 ft. and the area is 96 acres. Costean pits and trenches have disclosed four lodes running parallel with the length of the leases. The average width of the lodes, so far as at present proved, is over 20 ft., but none of the cross-cuts are yet through the reef formation. There are three shafts, respectively 25, 50, and 60 ft. deep. At the bottom of the 60 ft. shaft a large body of high grade ore, going 20 ozs. to the ton, has been opened up. In the upper workings the ore runs from 15 dwts. to 3 oz. to the ton. From the general surroundings, as well as from the ore disclosed by present developments, the property is very valuable."

"By the conservation of the storm water, together with the underground supply which will be obtained, there will be no difficulty in keeping at least 20 head of stamps going for each lease, but when the amount of ore that will be available for treatment is taken into consideration it will be seen that it must take generations to exhaust the ore supplies."

"By the time these leases are ready for the erection of a reduction plant the trials of various dry processes which are now being made in Australia and elsewhere will have resulted in the most suitable process for adoption being available, and a large number of stamps can then be kept constantly going on these leases independently of the water supply."

"The greatest depth yet attained on this field is 400 ft. The widths of the lodes on these leases have not yet been determined, and will probably vary from 40 ft. to 80 ft., the proved width of the continuation of these lodes; all of which, I believe, will be payable, whilst much of it will yield from 15 dwts. to 3 ozs. per ton, and parts of it much more."

"But on the assumption that only 20 ft. of lode matter is treated, and mining to a depth of say, 400 ft. on the four leases with four proved lodes, the amount of tonnage available would suffice to keep 80 stamps crushing at the rate of 100,000 tons per annum for over 100 years."

"As the lodes are more or less vertical, and it has been proved that mines can be profitably worked to a depth of over 3,000 ft., and as other lodes exist in the property, and even 10 dwts. ore should give a large profit when work can be carried out on a large scale, it will be seen that the possibilities of these leases are very great."

"The effect of the railway to Hannan's (expected to be opened for traffic by the end of May, and to be taken over by Government at the end of this year) upon the cost of working will best be seen by comparing the cost of transport from the coast at present (over £30 per ton) with £3 per ton, which will be the Government rate for the 38½ miles between Fremantle (the seaport) and Hannan's. The accompanying plan, signed by me, gives a fair approximate representation of the proved lodes and the work done on the property."

On reference to Stotham's (September, 1895, edition) "Westralian Market Manual," it will be found that of the nineteen Hannan's properties, of which particulars are there given, the capitalization (taken at par value only) is:—

In 5 cases.....	£3,000 to £4,000 per acre.
" 3 " .....	£4,000 " £5,000 "
" 5 " .....	£5,000 " £6,000 "
" 2 " .....	£6,000 and over.

Whilst the capitalization of a more recently issued Company, formed (December, 1895) to acquire a property in the immediate vicinity of the Hannan's Empress leases, is £7,500 per acre.

The Capitalization of this Company is £1,832 per acre.

The following prices of representative Hannan's Companies (see "Financial News," 14th March, 1896) will serve to show the public estimation of the value of the Hannan's Field:—

Name of Company.	Shares.	Middle Price 14th March, 1896.	Per Cent. Premium.
Great Boulder ..	£1 ..	61 ..	225 per cent.
Hannan's Brownhill ..	£1 ..	61 ..	378 "
Hannan's Reward ..	£1 ..	33 ..	362 "
Hannan's Golden Treasure ..	£1 ..	2 ..	100 "
Hannan's Golden Group ..	£1 ..	2 ..	100 "
Hainault ..	£1 ..	2 ..	100 "
Lake View ..	£1 ..	3 ..	200 "

The area of the property being so large it is not intended that the Company should itself work the whole of the ground. It is proposed in the first instance to develop one of the leases, bring it to the point of making returns, and then sell it as a going concern at a substantial profit.

The Vendor (who will pay all expenses up to the first allotment of shares, and is reselling at a profit) has fixed the price to be paid for the property at £145,000, payable as to £58,333 in fully paid shares, as to £30,000 in cash, and as to £56,667 in cash or shares as provided by the contract for sale; 30,000 shares are thus left available for providing Working Capital.

The following contracts have been entered into, namely:—A contract dated 18th March, 1896, between Louis Wills, acting as agent for the owners, of the one part, and Charles Berry Phillips (the Vendor) of the other part; and a contract dated 20th March, 1896, between the Vendor of the one part and Charles Okey Greenwell as Trustee for the Company of the other part, being the contract for sale.

Agreements and arrangements have been entered into by the Vendor with third parties as to the promotion of the Company and to subscription of its capital, to none of which the Company is a party, and applicants for shares will be deemed to have notice of the contents of these, and to have agreed with the Company as Trustees for the Directors and others to waive their right, if any, to particulars thereof, whether under Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise, and subscriptions will only be received and allotments made on that footing.

The originals of the Reports above quoted, together with copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association and of the contract for sale to the Company, can be inspected by intending subscribers, at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

Applications for shares should be made on the form to be obtained at offices, and sent to the Bankers of the Company, or to the Secretary, together with a deposit of 2s. 6d. per share.

Where no allotment is made, the amount deposited on application will be returned at once, without deduction. If the number of shares allotted is less than that applied for, the surplus will be credited in reduction of the payment on allotment so far as necessary, and any balance will be returned.

Copies of the Prospectus and Application Form can be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors and Brokers and at the Offices of the Company



The **LISTS OF APPLICATION** will be **OPENED ON MONDAY, 30th March, 1896, and CLOSED on or before TUESDAY, 31st March, 1896, for TOWN, and the following morning for the COUNTRY.**

A **HOME INDUSTRY** showing a net profit of over 10 per Cent. on the Ordinary Shares of the Company.  
A combination of **41 well-established Drapery, Clothing, and Furnishing Businesses in London and the Suburbs,**  
Situated as follows:—

Battersea Park Road, S.W., 1 shop.  
Borough, S.E., 4 shops.  
Broadway, Hammersmith, W., 3 shops.  
Beckenham Road, 2 shops.  
Camden Town, N.W., 2 shops.  
Covent Garden, W.C., 1 shop.  
Croydon, S.E., 1 shop.  
East India Road, E., 1 shop.  
Edgware Road, W., 4 shops.  
Essex Road, N., 3 shops.  
Forest Hill, S.E., 5 shops.  
Hackney Road, N.E., 3 shops.  
High Road, Chiswick, W., 2 shops.  
High Road, Kilburn, N.W., 3 shops.  
High Street, Clapham, S.W., 4 shops.  
High Street, Peckham, S.E., 6 shops.  
High Street and Market Place, Acton, 2 shops.  
Hornsey, N., 2 shops.  
High Street, Whitechapel, E., 1 shop.  
Kingsland Road, N.E., 3 shops.  
Lavender Hill, S.W., 2 shops.  
Lower Sydenham, S.E., 1 shop.  
Leytonstone Road, 1 shop.  
Mile End Road, E., 4 shops.  
Old Kent Road, S.E., 4 shops.  
Oxford Street (Great Titchfield Street), 2 shops.  
Putney, S.W., 2 shops.  
Roman Road, E., 4 shops.  
Rotherhithe, S.E., 1 shop.  
Upper Norwood, S.E., 1 shop.  
Upton Park, E., 3 shops.  
Walham Green, S.W., 3 shops.  
Walworth Road, S.E., 5 shops.  
&c. &c.

## THE LONDON DRAPERY STORES, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893, whereby the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

**SHARE CAPITAL - £235,000**

Divided into

115,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each .... **£115,000**  
120,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each..... **£120,000**  
**£235,000**

Of which 38,333 Preference Shares and 40,000 Ordinary, being one-third of each issue, the largest amount allowed according to the rules of the London Stock Exchange, will be allotted to the Vendor in part payment of the purchase-price of the Businesses, and the balance, viz., 76,667 Preference Shares and 80,000 Ordinary Shares, are now offered for Subscription.

**PAYABLE** as follows:—2s. 6d. per Share on Application; 7s. 6d. per Share on Allotment; and 10s. per Share One Month after Allotment.

**THE PREFERENCE SHARES** rank in priority to the Ordinary Shares both as to dividend and capital. The first dividend on the Preference Shares will be paid on the 1st July, 1896, and after that it is proposed to pay dividends half-yearly.

It is provided by the Articles of Association that no Debentures can be issued by the Company to rank in front of the Preference Shares, without the consent of three-fourths of the Preference Shareholders present or represented at a Meeting to be convened for the purpose.

### Directors.

**GEORGE HAND, Esq.,** Warehouseman, 25, 26, and 27 Lawrence Lane, Cheap-side, Ex-Sheriff of the City of London, Chairman.

**FRANK EAST, Esq., J.P., C.C.,** Draper and Outfitter, of 5, 7, and 87 High Street, Tonbridge; High Street, Strood; and Corn Market and Queen Street, Oxford; Director of London Omnibus Carriage Company, Limited.

**WILLIAM COATES, Esq.,** Warehouseman, 37 Wood Street, London, E.C.

**CHARLES THOMAS SMITH, Esq., J.P., C.C.,** 116 Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and 95, 97, and 99 High Street, Chatham; Alderman and thrice Mayor of Chatham.

\***JOHN BENJAMIN KYFFIN, Esq.,** Draper and Silk Mercer, 461, 463, and 465 Hackney Road, E.; and 3 Springfield, Upper Clapton.

\***GEORGE BAKER, Esq.,** (Baker, Webb, & Co., Drapers and Silk Mercers), 172 High Street, and Market Place, Acton, W.

\*Will join the Board after allotment.

No Directors' Fees (other than the remuneration of a Managing Director, if appointed) will be payable until a Dividend of 6 per cent. on the Ordinary and Preference Shares has been paid in each year.

**Bankers**—THE LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, Limited, 21 Lombard Street, London, E.C.; and Branches.

**Auditors**—Messrs. **TRIBE, CLARKE, PAINTER, & CO.,** 19 Coleman Street, London, Bristol, and Swansea.

**Brokers**—Messrs. **TOMKINSON & PRICE,** 3 Copthall Buildings, and Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

**E. J. EVANS, Esq.,** 47 Corn Street, and Stock Exchange, Bristol.

**Trade Valuer**—**JOHN GEORGE, Esq.,** 70 and 80 Fore Street, London, E.C.

**Solicitors for the Vendor**—Messrs. **PRIOR & HAWKINS,** 95 and 97 Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

**Solicitors for the Company**—Messrs. **WARNER & SELIGMAN,** 21 Great Winchester Street, E.C.

**SECRETARY AND OFFICES (pro tem.)**—**H. W. DUNNETT, Esq.,** 20 GREAT WINCHESTER STREET, E.C.

### PROSPECTUS.

**THIS COMPANY** has been formed to acquire and amalgamate 41 important Drapery and Furnishing Businesses, consisting of 92 Shops situate in some of the most important localities in London and the Suburbs, which are now carrying on an extensive trade, which in the opinion of Mr. JOHN GEORGE, the trade expert, should rapidly increase. These businesses have been selected, after the most careful investigation, from a much larger number, with a special view of obtaining businesses of such a nature that by reason of the amalgamation, with the resulting improvement in management, increased working capital, and other facilities, great increases in the trade and profits may confidently be expected.

The Businesses, all of which are well established, occupy favourable positions in suitable neighbourhoods, and the magnitude of the trade may be judged by the fact that the total annual average turnover for the three years ending 30th September, 1895, has been certified to amount to £241,106 per annum. All the Businesses are carried on almost entirely for ready money, so that practically no bad debts are incurred.

The number of employés and assistants is very numerous, and, with the view of giving them a direct interest in the success of the Company, it is proposed as far as may be possible to make a judicious allotment, in full, of the shares to such applicants, so that they will have a direct interest in the increased prosperity of the Businesses.

The Directors have an offer of most commodious premises in White Street, Moorfields, for warehouses and offices, as a central depot, from which the whole of the shops will be supplied direct.

The accounts of the businesses, in most instances for the three years ending 30th September, 1895, have been investigated by the well-known Chartered Accountants, Messrs. Tribe, Clarke, Painter, & Co., of 19 Coleman Street, London, E.C., Bristol, and Swansea, and they report that the sales average £241,106 per annum. The following is a copy of their Certificate:—

To the Directors of THE LONDON DRAPERY STORES, LIMITED, 19 Coleman Street, London, E.C., 16th January, 1896.

Gentlemen,—In accordance with instructions received, we have examined the accounts with the view to certifying the average profits for the three years ended 30th September, 1895, of the 41 Drapery businesses, (including in some cases Furnishing and Clothing departments) carried on in 92 shops as per list herewith. We find, however, that although accurate accounts of the daily takings have been kept in practically every case, and in many cases exact accounts of all purchases and expenses, yet, as the instances in which all these accounts are kept and the stocks taken annually are very few, we are compelled to confine ourselves to a certificate as to the amount of the Sales for the above three years, and these (allowing for a few cases where the businesses have not been carried on by the present proprietors for the whole of that period) give an average of £241,106 per annum.

We have inspected the whole of the 41 establishments, and are of opinion that the shops are well placed, and that with additional capital the businesses can be

considerably increased. We should add that nearly the whole of the trade is for cash, and there have been practically no bad debts.—Yours truly, **TRIBE, CLARKE, PAINTER, & CO.**

The properties are held under leases or tenancies for satisfactory terms at moderate rentals. The premises are well fitted with all necessary fixtures and fittings. All the establishments have been inspected by Mr. John George, of 70 and 80 Fore Street, the well-known Drapery Valuer and expert, who has furnished the Directors with the following certificate:—

70 and 80 Fore Street, London, E.C., 23rd January, 1896.

To the Directors of THE LONDON DRAPERY STORES, LIMITED.

Gentlemen,—In accordance with your instructions I have carefully considered the report furnished by Messrs. Tribe, Clarke, Painter, & Co., Chartered Accountants, after examination by them of the accounts of the 41 Drapery, Clothing, and Furnishing Establishments, including 92 shops, as per their list, which shows the gross sales of the businesses averaged over the three years ending 30th September, 1895, £241,106 per annum. Having had, as a Valuer and Draper, 30 years' experience of the Drapery and allied trades, and from my personal knowledge of the businesses to be acquired by the Company, I am of opinion that the net profits, after making all usual allowances for trade expenses, rents, rates, taxes, managers' and assistants' salaries, may be safely estimated at a minimum of £22,421 per annum. I have attended and viewed all the business premises which are proposed to be taken over by your Company, and find they are favourably situated for trade purposes, the premises are in excellent repair, well fitted and equipped, and are held on lease for various terms at moderate rentals. My valuation of the leasehold interest in the properties, the fixtures, fittings, trade utensils, electric-lighting apparatus, horses, carts, &c., together with the goodwill of the said businesses, on the foregoing basis of the net profits, is £135,034 3s. 9d., and that this would be a fair and reasonable price for the Company to pay for the purchase of the same, as going concerns.

With the capital of your Company, and the well-situated and commodious premises which you have arranged to secure as a central depot for the wholesale warehouse, buying the stocks in such large quantities at wholesale rates, and taking the advantage of the full trade discounts (which alone would on the present turnover be over £7,230 per annum), I see no reason why the annual turnover should not increase in a very short time to £130,000, with a corresponding increase in profits, and without further capital, being cash businesses. The stocks of the various businesses are modern and well selected.—Yours truly, **JOHN GEORGE.**

Taking the above-mentioned average net annual profit of £22,421 as a basis of calculation, apart from the increase which may reasonably be expected to arise from the amalgamation—

6 per cent. Interest on 115,000 Cumulative Preference Shares	will absorb .....	£ 6,900
10 per cent. Interest on 120,000 Ordinary Shares will absorb ..		12,000
		£18,900
Leaving a surplus of £3,521 for Reserve Fund, Directors' fees, incidental expenses, &c. ....		3,521
		£22,421

It will be observed that the above dividends are calculated without taking into account the undoubted fact that the concentration of these businesses under one management will tend greatly to increase the profits of this Company, which, with its large capital and number of establishments, will be in a position to make large purchases of stock direct from the Manufacturers at considerably reduced prices, and will therefore reap full benefits in discounts and other ways.

The Company will also be able to earn additional profits by opening new Departments at the various shops, the premises being in many cases sufficiently extensive for this purpose, the action of the Directors being to make each shop a General Store as far as may be practicable.

The Directorate includes practical men of many years' experience in the trade, and as they, as well as all the other Proprietors, will have considerable shareholding, the interests of Subscribers to this Company will thus be carefully safeguarded.

Arrangements have been made for the Proprietors of the businesses to enter into covenants restraining them from trading in the vicinity of their present shops. The businesses will be carried on without interruption by the present staff as far as practicable.

The businesses will be taken over as going concerns, and all liabilities up to the completion of the several purchases are to be discharged by the Proprietors, from which date all profits will belong to the Company.

The profitable nature of the Retail Drapery Trade is well known. The following quotations of the Shares of Companies, taken from the London Official Stock Exchange List, will show the current high prices of such securities.

NAMES AND PARTICULARS.	PAR VALUE.	PRICE ON 24TH MARCH, 96.	PREMIUM.
<b>JOHN BAKER &amp; CO., LTD.</b> — Ordinary Shares .. ..	£1	2½-3	187 per cent. prem.
5½ per cent. Preference Shares ..	£5	52-7½	40 " "
<b>D. H. EVANS &amp; CO., LTD.</b> — Ordinary Shares .. ..	£1	2½-2½	150 " "
6 per cent. Preference Shares ..	£1	14-1½	37 " "
<b>HARROD'S STORES, LTD.</b> — Ordinary Shares .. ..	£1	5-5½	425 " "
5 per cent. Preference Shares ..	£5	61-7	33 " "
<b>T. R. ROBERTS'S STORES, LTD.</b> — Ordinary Shares .. ..	£1	11-2½	100 " "
5 per cent. Preference Shares ..	£1	18-1½	25 " "
<b>THOMAS WALLIS &amp; CO., LTD.</b> — Ordinary Shares .. ..	£5	11-11½	135 " "
6 per cent. Preference Shares ..	£5	8-8½	65 " "

The price fixed by the Vendor for the whole of the premises, leases, fixtures, fittings, trade utensils, electric-lighting apparatus, horses, carts, together with the goodwill, including his profit as Promoter, is £135,000, payable as to £50,000 in cash, £75,333 in shares, and the balance in cash or shares at the Directors' option. The stocks are to be taken in part at the valuation of the Company's valuer and in part at an agreed rate of discount.

The Company has the right not to purchase from the Vendor such of the businesses (if any) as the Directors from any cause may deem advisable. The Vendor has also the right of substituting for any of the businesses other businesses approved by the Directors of equal value as near as may be, and the Company may commence trading with a smaller number than is set out in the Schedule to the Purchase Agreement.

After payment of the purchase-money an ample amount, viz. £100,000, will be left for working capital and for purchase of stocks.

An agreement has been entered into, dated the 24th day of January, 1896, and made between John Brilmayer, the Vendor of the one part, and Harding William Dunnett, as Trustee for this Company, of the other part, being the contract of sale to this Company. The contracts between the present owners of the various businesses and the Vendor are specified in the first schedule to this Agreement.

There are other contracts, including contracts for procuring the Capital of the Company, and with reference to the formation and promotion of the Company, to which the Company is not a party, but which may fall within Section 38 of the Companies Acts, 1897. Applicants will be deemed to have waived all rights to be supplied with particulars thereof, whether under the above-mentioned Section or otherwise, and allotments will only be made on this express condition.

The Vendor will pay all the preliminary and other expenses of and incidental to the formation of the Company, including brokerage, up to the first allotment of Shares, excepting registration fee.

The above-mentioned Contract of Sale and copies of the Contracts referred to in the Schedule thereto, together with the Memorandum and Articles of Association, the Valuer's Report, and Accountants' Certificate, can be seen at the Offices of the Company's Solicitors.

It is intended to make an application in due course to the London Stock Exchange for an official settlement and quotation of the Shares of this Company.

Applications for Preference and Ordinary Shares should be made on the accompanying forms and forwarded to The London and County Banking Company, Limited, 21 Lombard Street, London, E.C., or any of its branches, with a remittance for the amount of deposit.

Where no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full; and if a less amount be allotted than is applied for, the surplus of the deposit will be applied to the amount payable on the Shares.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and from the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors of the Company.

London: March, 1896.

## THE CLAIMS OF VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

Present controversy on the claims of Voluntary schools has had, at least, two indisputably good results. The public has clearly seen the extent and value of the Church's past services to elementary education: and the Church has learnt to measure her future task, and to take heart for it.

We write on behalf of a district which has claims upon the nation, second to none, and in which the educational work of the Church is beset with such special difficulties that men's hearts may easily fall them in its contemplation.

The Diocese of Rochester contains, besides Chatham, Gravesend, &c., the whole area of South London—many miles of squalid tenements, closely packed with poor and struggling workers, far removed from the few districts in the Diocese which are able to give them help.

What the importance of the school is as a social, civic, and religious influence in such a region needs no telling; and whatever duty the Church has in regard to the schools must be here, at once, most urgent and most difficult.

The record of the past three years is that, under the stimulus of the well-known Circular of the Department, £125,000 has been given and spent by Churchmen in the diocese upon fabrics alone; and what were, in some cases, dingy, ill-ventilated buildings, have been transformed into bright and wholesome schools.

The task thus laid upon the Church was heavy, because she had been at work educating the poor long before any State aid was given—in some cases even in the last century—so the buildings were often antiquated, and that especially in parishes such as those on the river bank, which, because they were the oldest centres of population, had become the poorest.

This heavy work would have been impossible if the Diocesan Board of Education had not been able (besides much indirect aid and encouragement) to make grants which have amounted to £3,583.

Now, as to the future.

We need £1,000 to complete the work of defence and repair, by paying grants, which we have conditionally promised, and relieving managers who have pledged their private resources to architects and builders.

But we would fain also recover lost ground. In the panic after 1870 the Diocese lost about fifty schools (in the last thirteen years she has only lost three). We are inquiring into the condition and present use of these buildings. We hope to recover some of them. It would immensely assist us to do so if a few Churchmen would promise us a definite sum, upon which we could make a proportionate claim for every reopened school.

And then there is new ground. What that means, an hour or so spent in Battersea, Greenwich, Plumstead, and many other districts would quickly and vividly show, by the token of a vast acreage of newly sprung and ever-extending streets. It is not right that, in such neighbourhoods, all the parents should be forced to send their children to the Board schools for lack of Church schools, and it has been proved that many of them prefer Church schools, even where the premises are homely, and they only have tens, where the Board schools have hundreds, of children.

Since 1870, seventy-two new parishes have been formed in the Diocese, but only sixteen have been supplied with Church schools. This is not surprising, seeing that the Church and endowment have had to be provided. Some of the new parishes are now anxious to have schools, and in several cases sites are awaiting us if they can be promptly occupied. But Church schools can only be built in such districts by a large measure of central help and encouragement, and we should be thankful, indeed, if our Diocesan Board had a sum of £5,000, which it could turn to excellent account, by making loans on new school buildings. We ought to have as much more to make grants, given on condition that treble the amount is raised from other sources.

There is no doubt that we ought to ask to be entrusted with £11,000 for the work of the next five years.

Considering the scale and the importance of the work, is it too large a demand, or larger than the attitude which the Church has taken towards the Government and Parliament in the matter of her schools, entitles, or rather bids, us to make?

Are there not those who have made fortunes by the labours of South Londoners, or by the sale of their land to the speculative builder, who will recognize the debt which they owe, and make the Diocesan Board their almoner?

Contributions to this work will be gladly received by the Bishop of Rochester; by the Secretary of the Board, the Rev. A. W. Maplesden, The Church Institute, Upper Tooting; or by the Westminster Branch of the London and County Bank.

EDWARD ROFFEN.  
HUYSHÉ SOUTHWARK.  
CHARLES BURNEY.  
J. ERSKINE CLARKE.  
C. E. BROOKE.

Bishop's House, Kennington:  
16 March, 1896.

## THE SCHOOL FOR THE INDIGENT BLIND,

ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS, SOUTHWARK.

*Junior Branch School—*

WANDSWORTH COMMON, S.W.

PATRON—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Upwards of 220 blind people receive the benefit of this Charity. Candidates totally blind, between the ages of 7 and 21, are elected by votes of subscribers, and (free of all cost) are received for six years at least, during which they are educated, taught a trade, and instructed in music if of sufficient ability.

### SPECIAL APPEAL FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Average legacies for the ten years ending 1874 ... £9,000

" " " " 1884 ... £8,409

" " " " 1894 ... £3,747

£5,000 reserved money sold out during the last two years.

Bankers' account overdrawn £1,000 (increasing).

An Annual Subscription of One Guinea entitles the donor to one vote for each vacancy at all elections; Life Subscriptions, Ten Guineas.

Bankers—LLOYDS BANK, LIMITED, 54 St. James's Street, S.W.

ST. CLARE HILL, M.A., *Chaplain and Secretary.*

## Metropolitan Visiting and Relief Association.

(Founded by Bishop Blomfield in 1843.)

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